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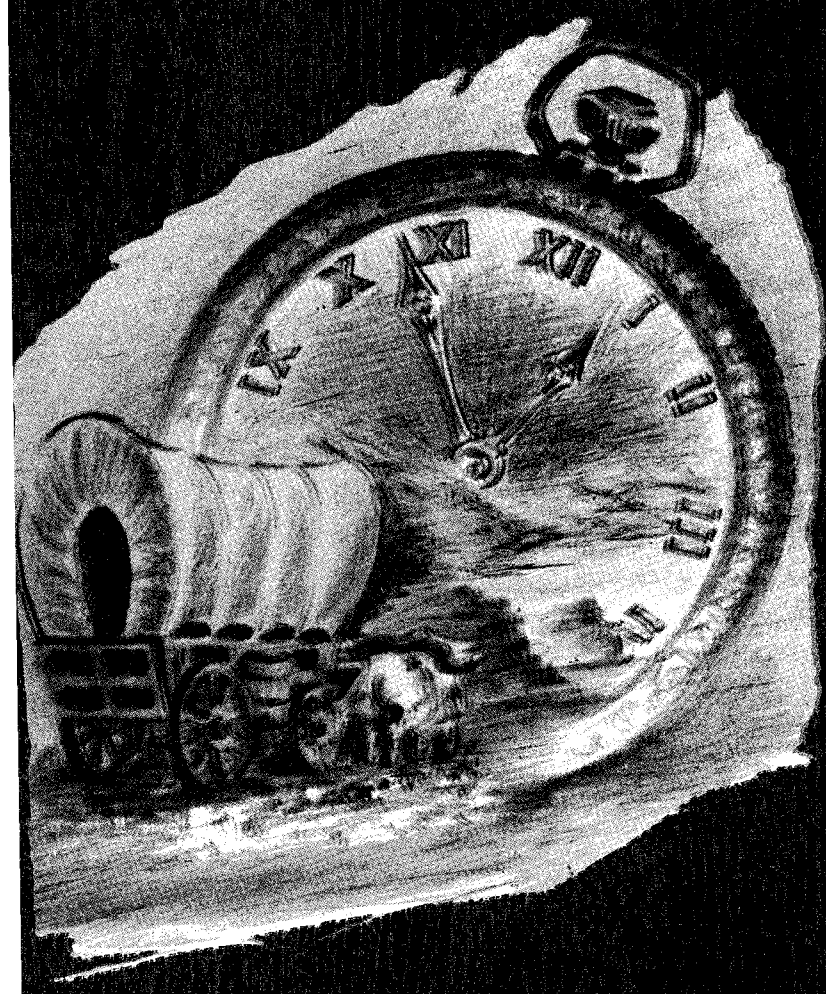

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

MURDER OF INDIANS AT FT. MANN

The last number of the (Liberty *Tribune*) contains a letter from H..L. Routt, Esq. Adjutant of Col. Gilpin's Battalion, written from Ft. Mann and dated the 6th Dec. The letter states that the men are all in good health. Col. Gilpin left Ft. Mann about the 10th November for (Big Timber) to winter two companies of Cavalry. These companies were ordered by Major Wharton to winter at Ft. Scott, but the snow prevented their getting to that post in time. The letter further states that a large number of the animals have already died for want of food, and it is feared the balance will die before spring. If such be the case, the Battalion will be in a bad condition to carry out the objects the Government had in calling it into existence.

It was worse than folly to send Infantry on the plains to chastise Indians, for they will travel as far in one day as the Infantry will in ten. Again, it was equally as absurd to send Cavalry upon the plains at this season of the year without forage for their horses. They will all doubtless be on foot before spring. Mr. Routt was an eye witness to the murder of the Pawnee Indians at Ft. Mann, and his statement may be relied upon as being correct. We copy entire the portion of the letter referring to the subject.

He says: "A short time after the departure of Col. Gilpin for the 'Big Timber' a body of Indians were seen approaching the fort from the opposite side of the Arkansas River. They were suffered to cross the river without molestation, and they encamped upon the bank, 65 in number. The Chief with three subordinates raised a white blanket, and approached the entrance gate of the Fort where they met Capt. Peltzer and several other officers. They exhibited to the Capt. several letters, which showed them to be Pawnees. The letters also stated that they were friendly to the whites. The Capt. expressed himself thoroughly satisfied, and smoked the pipe of peace with them. He then invited the whole party into the Fort.

"When they came in, the Captain brought the Chief to my quarters, to show me his letters. At the time I was quite sick and in bed (rather upon a wagon chest nailed over two rails) and not in a very good humor. I read them particularly and found that they were very ambiguous, and fell far short of proving to my mind that the bearer was friendly to the whites. I thus expressed myself to the Captain, and told him I thought he ought to detain them all as prisoners at least until he could hear from Col. Gilpin. At the time I gave him this advice, I was not aware that he had smoked the pipe of peace with them. Just at this time a report came that there were a great many more Indians on the opposite side of the river. The chief was sitting by the side of my bed, making signs to me in relation to the number of men he had with him — he stated that the number was 65.

"Just at this time Capt. Peltzer by signs told him he lied, that he had more men on the opposite side of the river. I saw his countenance change in an instance, and he seemed very much agitated. The Capt. remarked that if I said so he would kill them all. I replied not to kill them but to make prisoners of them. This advice, however, I should not have given, if I had known he had smoked the pipe of peace with them. He then said that he would detain them as prisoners, and ordered a guard to go to their camp and bring in three or four Indians that had remained there. The Indians refused to come and the guard brought them up to the entrance gate at the point of the bayonet.

"Just as they reached the gate one of them ran in and gave the alarm, and the Indians on the inside made a simultaneous rush to make their escape. Orders were immediately given to fire on them — and such a scene of confusion as ensued I never before witnessed. I was just able to get to the door of my quarters in time to see it — the men were firing in every direction. Two of the Indians were killed and a great many wounded. Three of the Indians failed to make their escape through the gate, and ran into Capt. Peltzer's quarters — a guard was placed at the door to prevent their escape. One of the number, being bolder than the rest, rushed by the guard, passed the gate and was shot some forty yards from the fort. The two Indians who remained in Peltzer's quarters were afterwards unceremoniously shot. Whether this

continued on page 57

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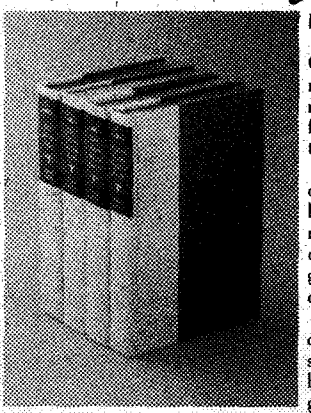

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME
Russell Hayden

by Mario DeMarco

Some of the best western films ever to be produced were back in the 1930s and '40s; studios like M.G.M., Twentieth Century Fox, and Paramount were some of the major studios turning out westerns that were far superior to many which were produced before this period. At this time, westerns were at their zenith, and in order to satisfy the fans' appetite for more of the same, many studios began sending their talent scouts out to discover new faces for this lucrative medium.

Take the case of Pate Lucid, who would invariably hit it big as a western star. Pate, who never had the faintest notion of becoming a movie cowboy, was working in the very heart of Hollywood, hoping to be discovered, and when he finally did become noticed, he had learned the movie-making business from the "bottom up" — work experience that would benefit him years later when his acting career came to a finis.

Who was Pate Lucid, you may ask, and you never heard of him as a western star? Well, Pate went under the screen name of Russell Hayden and would gain fame playing as one of the trios in "Pop" Sherman's exciting western series. As the popular James Ellison, as "Johnny Nelson," had done before him, Russ Hayden would create and mold his character of "Lucky Jenkins" for the popular "Hoppy" westerns. Hayden, at the time, was actually working behind the cameras as an assistant cameraman for the Cassidy pictures. Therefore, he was in a position to study each role through the eyes of the camera. So when he was chosen for the role of Boyd's young partner, he already knew what his role would require and how he would play it, as the popular James Ellison had done previously.

Hayden was born on June 12, 1912 in Chico, California. Russ first became associated with the movie business as a lowly studio "grip" (as John Wayne had done) for Universal Studios. He later worked at Paramount Studios in the sound department and gradually worked his way up into the cutting department; eventually he was promoted to assistant cameraman.

Between studio jobs he did take up a bit of acting, which proved to be a high point in his career. So one can safely surmise that this fellow really knew the movie business.

With some good acting experience to his credit, he was approached by Harry Sherman for the role of Boyd's partner, since Ellison had left for bigger money as an individual star. So Pate Lucid became Russell Hayden, making his series appearance in 1937. He continued as "Lucky" for the next five years; these series were considered some of the best westerns produced at the time.

When Russ vacated his role, he made a few more films at Paramount and then signed up with Columbia in his own starring series. Named as one of the top cowboy stars in 1943-1944, he later became a member of the Armed Forces. After his stint in the Army, he resumed his career, co-starring with James Ellison in a group of westerns which he co-produced. Later he entered television as an executive producer and vice president of Quintet Film Co., which made films for television. He is best remembered for his series "26 Men" and "Judge Roy Bean."

He was once divorced from actress Jan Clayton and later married Lillian Porter, a Fox starlet.

Russ was re-introduced to many of his fans through the popular film festivals that featured many of the western and serial stars. He had managed to attend several of them before his untimely death on June 9, 1981. As one fan graciously put it, "Whenever one thinks of 'Hopalong Cassidy's' partner, we think of 'Lucky Jenkins.'"

Hayden was well-liked by his fellow actors and business associates, and he always remembered his old friends whenever his company was casting for actors. **RW**

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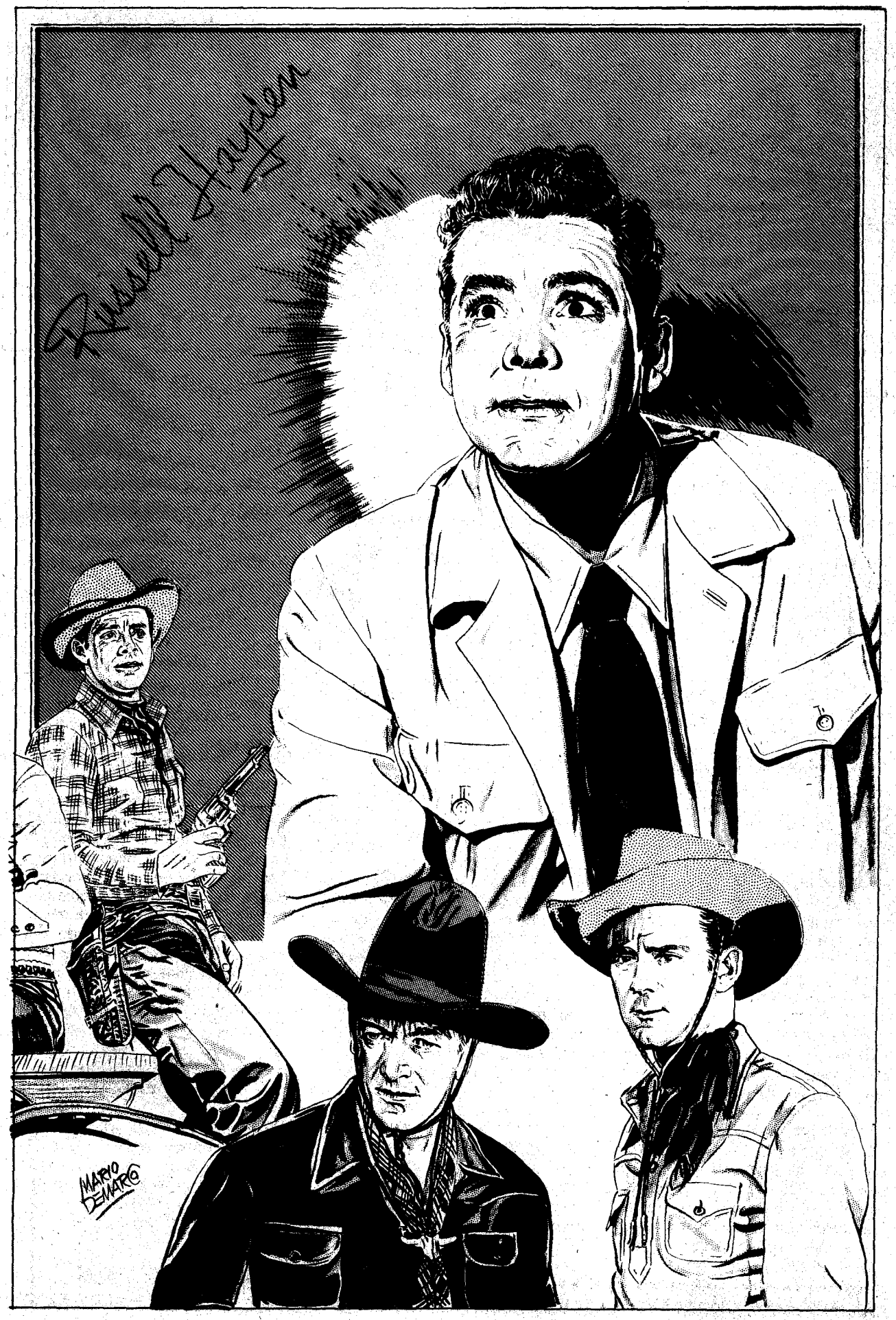

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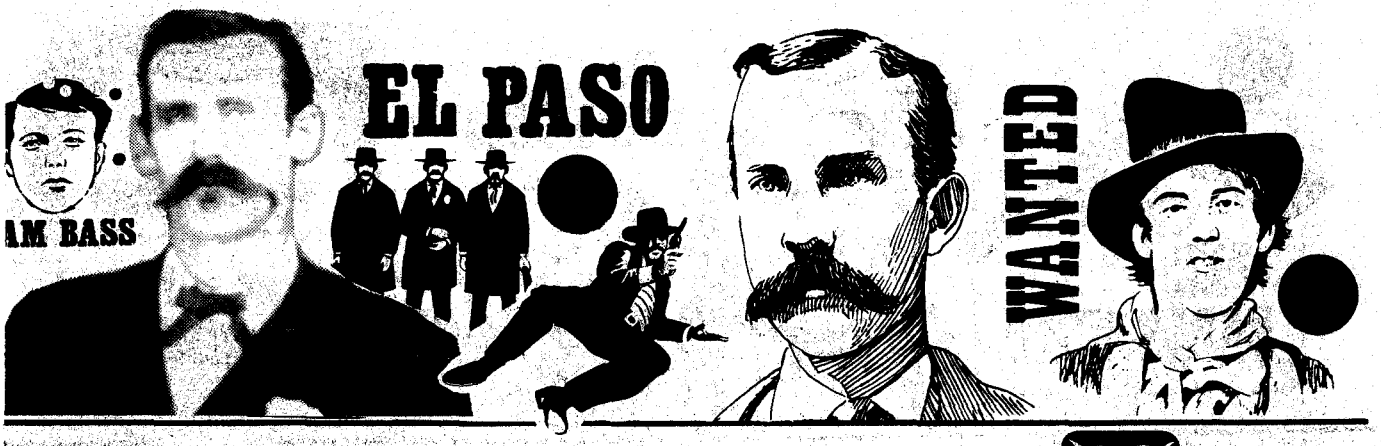

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The Hanging of

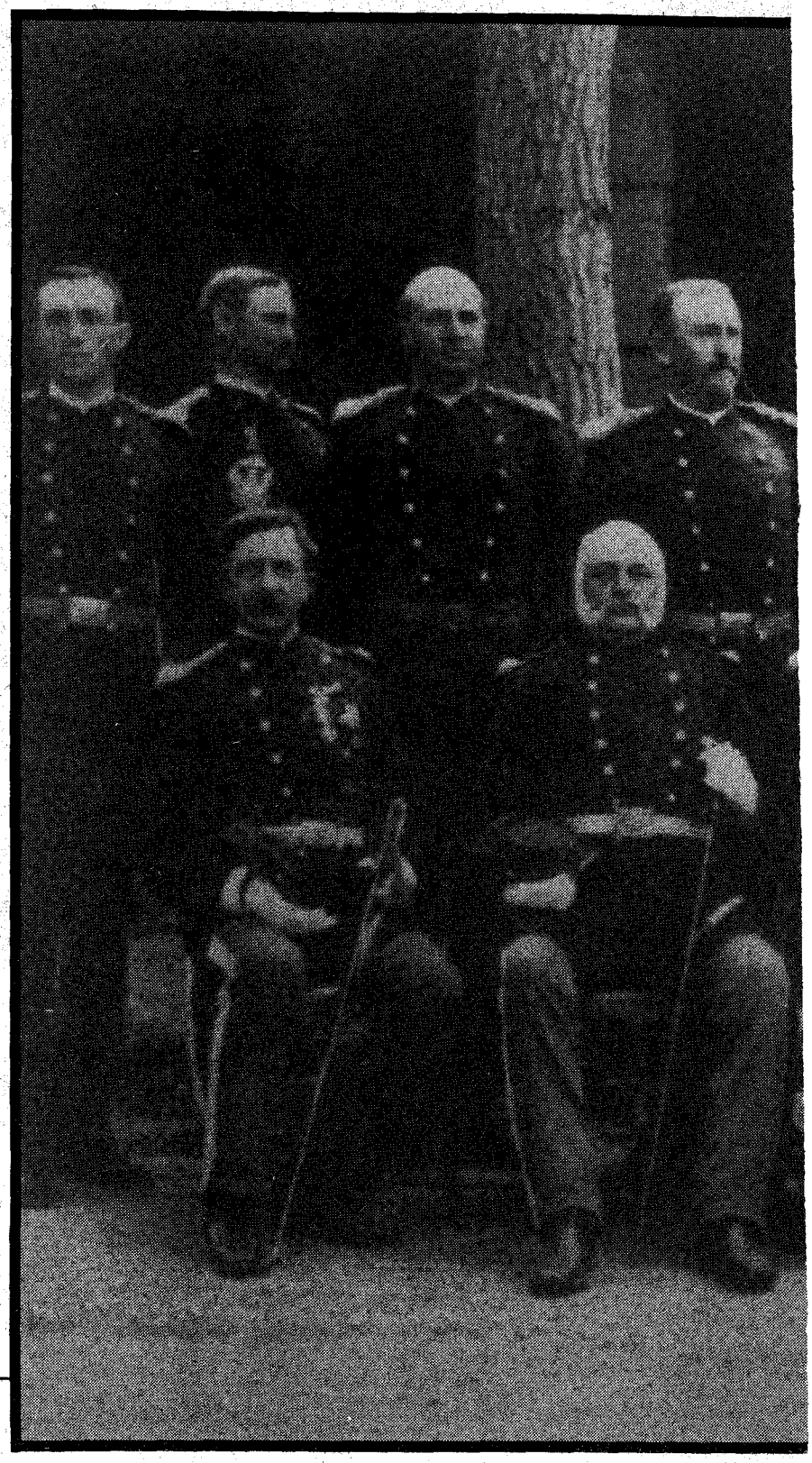
by Bob Rybolt

Sidney, Nebraska, lies in the extreme western portion of the state, less than fifty miles from the Wyoming border. For the most part, western writers and historians have overlooked the quiet little community of 6,000 that also serves as the seat of Cheyenne County. Perhaps this is due to its name; "Sidney" just doesn't conjure images of angry lynch mobs, acrid gunsmoke, and the jangle of spurs. Yet Sidney had all of these things, and more.

Although the town dates from 1867, judicial archives begin in the year 1872. From that time until 1885, there are records of 67 indictments for homicide, half a dozen mob lynchings, and all in a county of less than 2,000 population.

Strategically located, Sidney became the principal supply point for the 1876 gold rush into the Black Hills. The weather-beaten troopers stationed at Fort Sidney would return from chasing marauding Indians to belly up at the bar alongside gunfighters, gamblers, and buffalo hunters. The old-timers had plenty of selection when it came to red-eye watering holes; there were twenty-three on one block and forty others within reeling distance.

Wild Bill Hickok is said to have rubbed out three hide hunters in Tim Dyer's saloon, and Luke Short beat a hasty retreat when U.S. marshals found whiskey among the Indians and traced its source to his soddy in Sidney. Records do indicate that living legends thumped along Sidney's board sidewalks; among them were Doc Holliday, Wyatt Earp, Sam Bass, and a young man named Bob Ford who was trying to hide from his reputation as the man who killed Jesse James.



Fort Sidney officers. Colonel Henry A. Morrow is third from the right.

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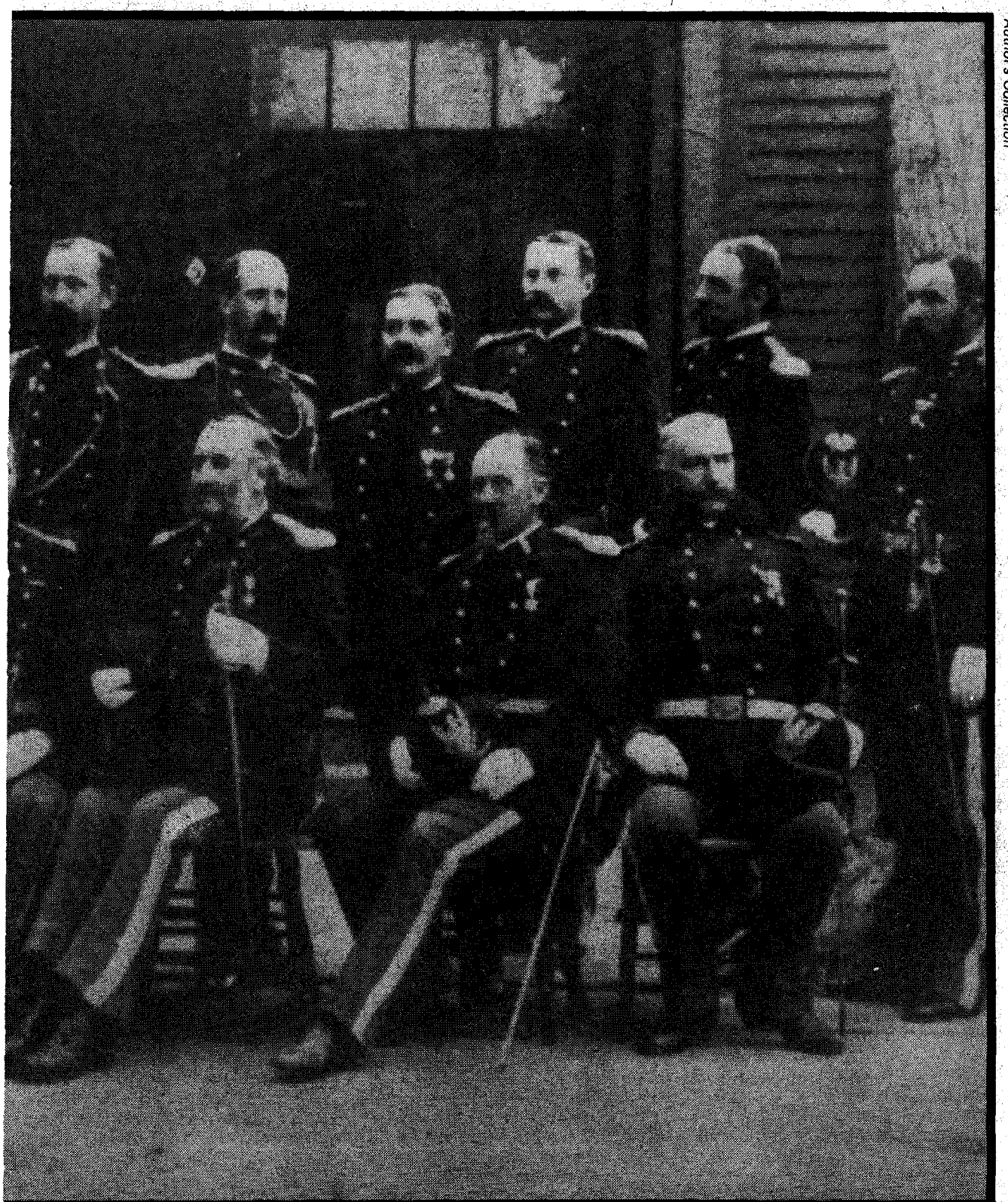
Jim Reynolds



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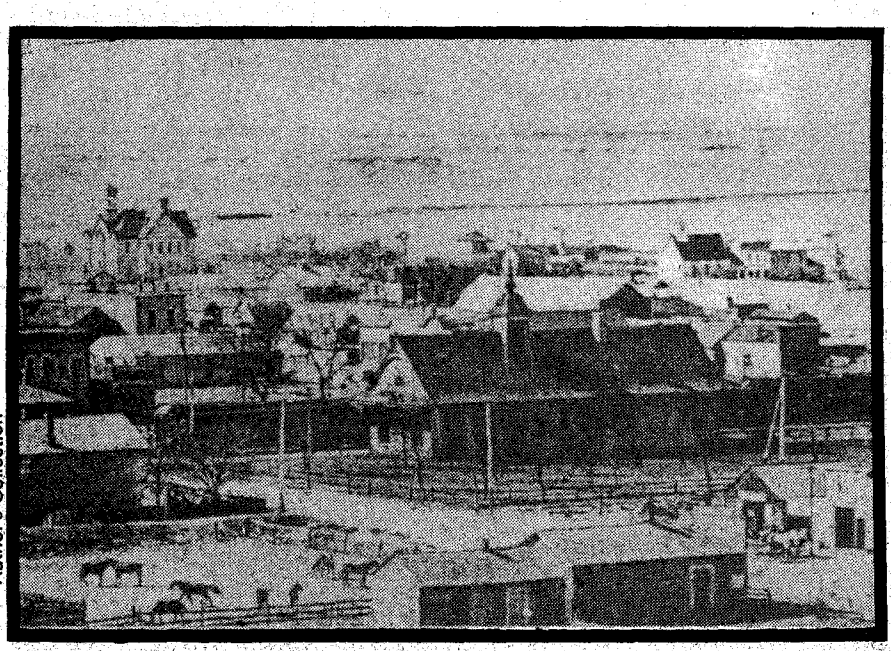

Author's Collection

Sidney, Nebraska, as it appeared at the time of Jim Reynolds' execution.

In 1879, a Texas hardcase named Charles Reed tried to lure Doc Middleton into Sidney and an ambush laid by lawmen. They killed the wrong man, and a few weeks later, when Reed shot a citizen named Loomis, the local vigilantes dragged him out and lynched him to a telegraph pole. His last words were to bid the mob a fond farewell.

A year later, the vigilantes again had their work cut out for them when some desperados absconded with nearly $120,000 in gold from the Union Pacific freight depot. The U.P. sent in its premiere enforcer, Captain James "Whispering" Smith. Whispering's guns laid down two of the miscreants, and the vigilantes, calling themselves "Regulators," raided the region below the "dead-line." The rough element was persuaded to depart forthwith and left with Red McDonald hanging from a cottonwood.

Western law enforcement wasn't all blazing six-guns and lynch mobs. Along the frontier there were capable peace officers and responsible citizens who developed a sense of crime detection and social consciousness that would impress a modern criminologist. Despite Sidney's history of frontier violence, or perhaps because of it, there was only one legally-sanctioned execution. This is the story of that crime and the innovations that it brought.

On the night of September 16, 1885, a bedraggled, twenty-one-year-old Missourian named Jim Reynolds rode into Joe Nunn's horse ranch and ran a tale of murder down to the old rancher. According to Reynolds, he and his partners, John Pinkston and his son James, were lounging by their camp fire when two cowboys came into the firelight. They were armed with six-shooters and had darkened their faces to make them appear as black men. They also had a whiskey jug of which, claimed Reynolds, he and the Pinkstons freely partook, despite their uninvited guests' strange appearance and firepower.

Suddenly and without warning, the bogus blacks produced cocked revolvers and demanded money. Young Reynolds rose to his feet and, turning his pockets inside out, explained that he was flat broke. His partners proved to be made of sterner stuff and, in the ensuing melee, were killed with an ax and robbed.

Reynolds was forced at gunpoint to hitch up a team and help transport the bodies to a burial place. Then his captors, apparently pleased with his work, told him to skedaddle. He couldn't explain why his assailants didn't resort to the easier, and obviously much neater, expedient of their cocked six-shooters.

Of course the story didn't wash with Joe Nunn. Neither did it wash with W.F. Moore, Cheyenne County Coroner and senior peace officer during Sheriff Sam Fowler's absence. The story didn't tally with Sidneyites either, who began gathering in the streets and discussing the relative merits of various means to elicit a confession from Jim Reynolds. It was determined that if an interrogation technique could not be agreed upon, an old-fashioned hemp carnival would have to suffice. Coroner Moore quickly swore in Deputy Charley Trognitz as acting Sheriff, and Charley immediately put a damper on such talk.

Moore and Trognitz had a chat with Reynolds who swore up and down that he had no money. He was frisked and found to have fifty dollars in each vest pocket and a like amount hidden in his boots. This, in conjunction with his bizarre tale, led to his being immediately taken to jail.

When Sheriff Fowler returned to town and was apprised of the situation, he immediately had Moore empanel a coroner's jury. The jury, armed with shovels, rode out to the crime scene and found that the Pinkston tent had been burned and this had ignited a prairie fire. After staunching the flames, they followed some tracks to a sandy gully and found a mound with part of a leg and shoe sticking out.

Fowler very carefully diagramed the site and had the coroner's jury excavate the graves, ever so slowly, shovelful by shovelful, to insure that precious evidence would not be destroyed.

The bodies were found to be lying on top of one another, and each had sustained a horrible gash to the head. A blood-stained ax was found at the bottom of the grave. An inquest was held at the scene, and the verdict was that the deceased had come to their deaths as a result of ax blows being delivered at the hands of James Reynolds.

Just prior to the time of his trial, Reynolds began babbling and acting in a strange manner. While it was generally felt that this was a sham to gain the sympathy of the jury, Sheriff Fowler instructed his deputies to keep written records on everything their prisoner said and did.

On December 28, 1885, the case came to trial and Jim Reynolds continued his shenanigans in the courtroom. This was to no avail; on New Year's Eve, the jury returned a verdict of guilty on two

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counts of murder in the first degree. The judge sentenced Reynolds to hang by the neck until dead.

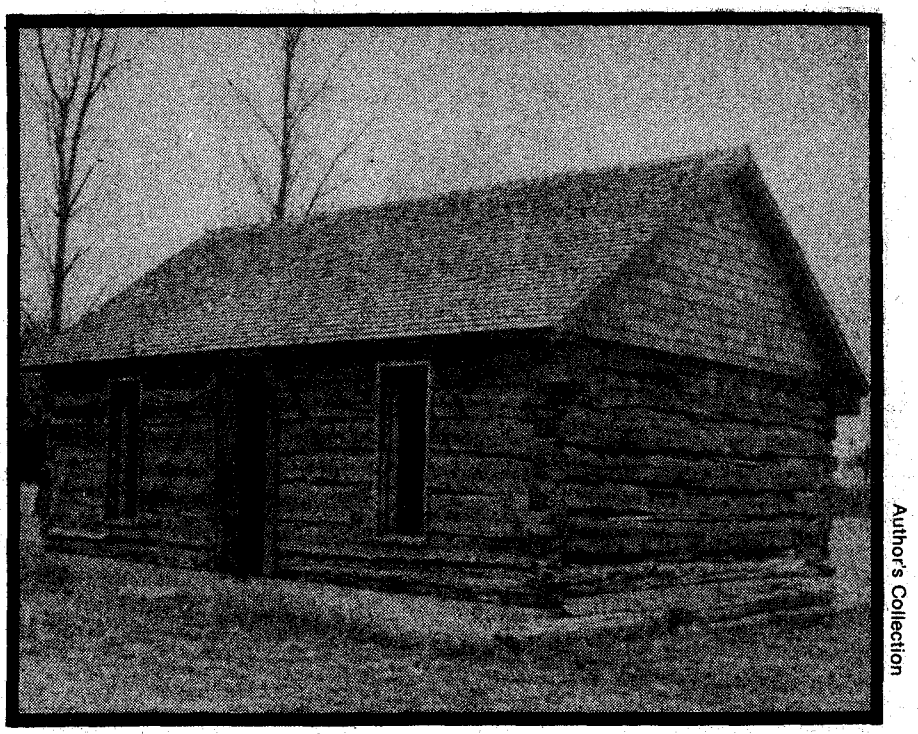
Enter Colonel Henry A. Morrow, commanding officer at Fort Sidney, seasoned Indian fighter, and Civil War veteran who was wounded at Gettysburg. Colonel Morrow was also a trained attorney and was concerned that if Jim Reynolds were actually insane, it would be unjust for him to pay the fullest penalty of the law. This was extremely modern thinking and so totally alien to frontier times. In that day there was no such a thing as "not guilty due to insanity," or the McNaughten rule as it is now called. It was unthinkable that a man should not be held to account for his actions.

Colonel Morrow managed to gain the ear of Governor Dawes, and it was decided that Judge Hamer would preside at a special hearing. Two physicians were sent to Sidney to examine the condemned man: Dr. Matthewson, superintendent of the insane hospital at Lincoln; and Dr. Carter, physician at the state penitentiary.

These men were to conduct what tests they deemed necessary and appear before a jury with their findings. After hearing all the evidence, the jury would determine the question of Reynolds' sanity. If the verdict were insanity, the Governor would then review the evidence presented and consider using his executive clemency powers and commute the sentence to life in prison or in an asylum.

The doctors gave their subject a thorough physical examination and found him to be in excellent health. They then put Reynolds to sleep with ether and, as he was just coming to, questioned him in regards to the murders. The following day this same procedure was performed with chloroform.

At the hearing, Sheriff Fowler read the record that he had his deputies keep while Reynolds was in jail. People who had known the young man testified as to his habits and behavior before the murders. The physicians testified that while Reynolds steadfastly maintained his innocence, his answers were lucid and well-formed. All this was culminated by an impassioned plea from Colonel Morrow. After more than eighteen hours of deliberation, the jury determined that James Reynolds was sane and no further review was necessary.



Author's Collection

Joe Nunn's horse ranch house as it appears today. It was here that Jim Reynolds came, following his murders.

Although unsuccessful in his bid to save the life of Jim Reynolds, Colonel Morrow's original thinking and innovation set a tone that echoes through twentieth-century jurisprudence. This was the first instance of a sanity hearing in the state of Nebraska, and most probably the first use of such a procedure (in a capital crime) in the United States.

On May 22, 1886, Jim Reynolds spent his last day on earth making a full confession to Sheriff Fowler and Colonel Morrow. It must have put the old soldier's mind at ease to know that justice was being served after all. Jim's last request was that he be baptized, a service performed by Reverend Stevens.

A classic gallows was constructed, and contemporary accounts describe the scaffold as about ten feet square with a platform seven feet above the ground, in the center of which was a trapdoor swinging downward, fastened on one side with hinges and held up on the other by a jointed pole to which a rope was attached leading to a jail window. The hangman would do his work from a jail cell. Two square posts extended ten feet above the platform, and across these rested a heavy beam from which dangled the noose.

At 3:23 p.m. on Saturday, May 22, 1886, Jim Reynolds, dressed in his best suit of clothes, was led to the gallows. As Reverend Stevens delivered the prayer, his arms were strapped to his sides at the elbows and a black hood placed over his head. Jim stated that he was satisfied that this was better than life in a penitentiary or an insane asylum, as eventually they would discover his sanity and this would be his fate anyway. At 3:32 p.m. the trap was sprung and Jim Reynolds swung into eternity. The executioner was a sixteen-year-old boy who needed the $15 paid for his services. **RW**

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Plaindealer Telegraph (Sidney, Nebraska), Sept. 16, 1885; May 22, 1886.

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Joe Magill, Promotion Man

by Vera Saban

J.M. Rannells collection

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"The Crow country is in exactly the right place. Everything good is to be found there. There is no country like the Crow country."

Such were the words of Chief Arapooish in 1830, concerning the Big Horn Basin of northern Wyoming. The Crow chief was no laggard in praising his tribe's hunting grounds. And he couldn't foresee that sixty years later an Irish enthusiast of his equal would appear.

A hundred years after Chief Arapooish acclaimed the Big Horn Basin the perfect land, the Irishman, Joe Magill, died, having spent more than half his life in extolling the wonders of that land. But he first saw it in the raw, free, unsettled state, a situation he plunged into with zest and delight.

In later years Joe Magill was a constant street-corner visitor. Here, in Basin, he is the first man on the left.

There was election day in 1894, when some members of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang pulled off a holdup in Old Town Thermopolis, and Joe Magill was right on hand to help chastise the evildoers.

"Scores of men with six shooters were seen..." one observer noted. "Judge Joe Magill with knee leggings, .45 Colts, and full cartridge belts had the air of a commanding general."

The settling of the West called to all manner of men, but probably no other was cut from the same pattern as Joe Magill. An excitable, tempestuous man, he was also a brilliant, versatile one. His callings included priest, teacher, poet, cowboy, stagedriver — he turned his hand to many things, always with enthusiasm. At his death his material possessions were few, but his friends were many.

Born in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, on January 25, 1848, Joe Magill was educated for the priesthood. After training at Armagat, Ireland, he attended Propafanda University at Rome. A brilliant scholar, he received the best education possible, including an extended trip around the world, but he gave up his profession. Some say he lacked the stability for such a calling, and it has been said that he became involved with the Parnell uprising and found it wise to depart in a hurry. But it is more generally accepted that, because of ill health, he was advised by physicians to go to the western plains of America.

For whatever cause, he left his native land and didn't pause until he reached Cheyenne on September 8, 1886. Although thirty-eight at that time, he still possessed the adventurous spirit of youth.

Magill soon went on to Lander, an early-day settlement on the Popie Agie in the foothills of the Wind River Mountains. Here, he spent three or four years, working summers as a cowboy, becoming adept at breaking horses and punching cows. As one writer expressed it, "...he jumped from New York to the hurricane deck of a bronco."

In the winters Joe Magill taught school, in whatever rough shacks were available, no doubt the most highly educated teacher in the territory. And for a time he served as county assessor of Fremont County, of which Lander was the county seat. This county then extended over the Owl Creek Mountains to the north, including all the Big Horn Basin west of the river. But it is doubtful if Magill had much acquaintance with the Big Horn Basin before he made that area his next camping ground.

While at Lander, Magill met a practicing physician, Dr. Julius Shuelke, who became a good friend. Dr. Shuelke had visited the large hot springs on the Big Horn River, over the Owl Creek Mountains to the north, and believed in their medicinal properties. He advised the Irishman to take the baths. Since the area was still part of the Shoshone Indian Reservation, "taking the baths" meant little more than lying in a tub crudely hollowed out of the rocks and filled with spring water.

In company with Virgil Rice, who became another longtime friend, Magill took the trail over the mountains, but it is doubtful if he had time for bathing. More exciting things were in store.

He got a cowpunching job on the Embar (M-), a ranch up Owl Creek and owned by Col. Jay L. Torrey. Here this tall, thin Irishman with the dark auburn hair made lasting friendships with the other cowhands, and acquired a love for this unsettled land which was to be the prime factor of his life thereafter.

In 1885 a post office called Torrey had been opened at a ranch on Owl Creek. Ten years later, a school was opened there with Joe Magill as teacher; a wintertime job, when cowpunchers were often reduced to riding the grubline.

At the mouth of Owl Creek a small settlement had sprung up, also destined, it seemed, to be called Torrey. But Dr. Shuelke had sent a sample of the waters of the hot springs, six miles to the south, to Germany for analysis. His contention of the medicinal value of the water proved correct.

With something that might become world famous so near, Joe Magill and Dr. Shuelke concocted a different name for the

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Dorothy Milek

Joe Magill with his Irish wolfhounds, who ate even though their master might go hungry.

town. Why not call it Thermopolis, a combination of the Latin word, "thermae," meaning hot spring, and "polis," the Greek word for city? That made sense to other admiring citizens, and the name became Thermopolis.

It was while Joe Magill was punching cows at the Embar that some of Kid Curry's Hole-in-the-Wall gang raided Old Town Thermopolis. By that time some conscientious citizens were attempting to bring about some law and order. Part of that effort was the election, at widely scattered places in the basin, of justices of the peace. Joe Magill was serving at the time, along with his cowpunching duties at the Embar.

Directly across the Big Horn River from Old Town was an even older settlement called Andersonville. The main places of business were a restaurant, a dance hall, a saloon, and a house of ill fame. Andersonville had become the hangout for the Hole-in-the-Wall gang and other outlaws. When not plying their trade elsewhere or hiding in the mountains when things were too hot, Butch Cassidy, Driftwood Jim McCloud, Harve Logan (Kid Curry), Flat-Nose George, Jake Snyder, Dusty Jim, and others made Andersonville their rendezvous. And the good citizens of Old Town were relieved that the waters of the Big Horn flowed between them and Andersonville — although fording was usually possible.

But on election day of 1884, the citizens of Old Town tempted the bad boys. The voting precinct was at the Embar, thirty miles up Owl Creek. There was an exodus from the town. After all, a dance was to follow the closing of the polls and to "Swing 'em on the corner" and "Grand right and left" was the best and about the only entertainment of the time.

Only three men were left in Old

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Wyoming State Archives and Historical Dept.

Joe Magill saw the building of the railroad into the Big Horn Basin, a primary objective for a pusher of progress. Thermopolis celebrated the coming of the rails in 1910.

Town: one was the storekeeper, Ed Enderley. One of the gang from Andersonville appeared, sized up the situation, brought in a couple of friends, and held up the storekeeper, who put up a fight. The other two citizens, Thad Slane, and a blacksmith named Salevant, joined the hassle, resulting in a slightly wounded Enderley, and a shot in the leg for Jake Snyder, the outlaw.

In the running battle much of the money stolen from Enderley was shaken from the pockets of one outlaw when his skittish horse got out of control and shook him up a bit. Snyder was captured but made his escape that night with the help, it was surmised, of his pals from across the river.

Meanwhile Salevant had galloped off to the Embar for help. There a posse was organized, with Joe Magill, Virgil Rice, and two or three others the first to reach town in the middle of the night. Rice opted for an immediate attack on Andersonville, but Magill, usually the impetuous one, held out for more help.

"I had an intimate knowledge of the layout across the river," he later said, "and I knew there could be as many as twenty men there — all bad."

The next morning, with a posse of nineteen or twenty men, they rushed Andersonville and took thirteen men. Two or three, as Joe Magill explained it, were not of the gang.

"They merely had the ill luck," he said, "of being in bad company."

Jake Snyder (of the wounded leg) was found hidden in the house of ill fame. At first it was thought that he could not possibly live.

"He lived, however," Magill reported later, "to go into retirement at Rawlins (the state penitentiary) for a number of years."

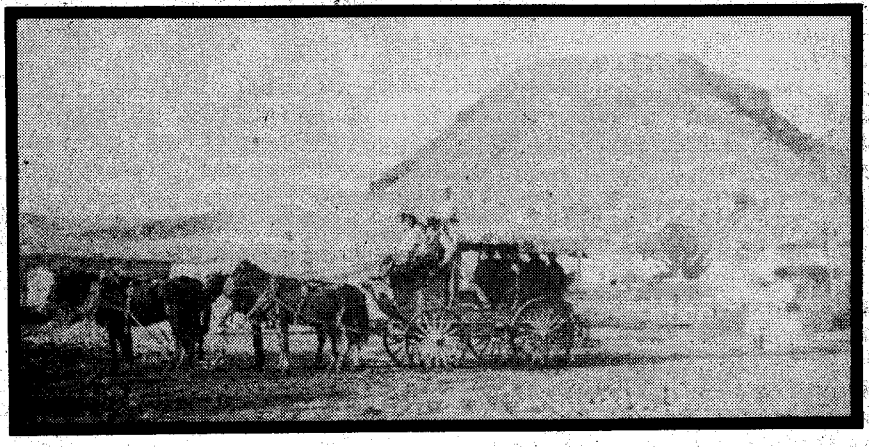
And most of Ed Enderley's money was picked up from the dusty street of Old Town and returned to him.

Shortly after the battle with the outlaws, a visiting newspaper correspondent described Old Town.

"The little city presented a lively appearance. Scores of men with six-shooters strapped to their sides and not a few carrying Winchesters, were seen hurrying in and out or leaning lazily against some convenient building or hitching rack; some wore a sleepy expression, others were drowning their cares and sorrows in the bowl, while all had a set look of determination stamped upon the face and each was watching the other slyly out of the corner of his eye."

And Judge Joe Magill was very much in evidence.

In Old Town at that time was another son of the Emerald Isle, Ed O'Reilly. The two Irishmen, although friends, were often opponents for office, and both were equally alert to the vote-getting qualities of those bottles



J.M. Rannells collection

Early-day Thermopolis, site of the hot springs, about 1900.

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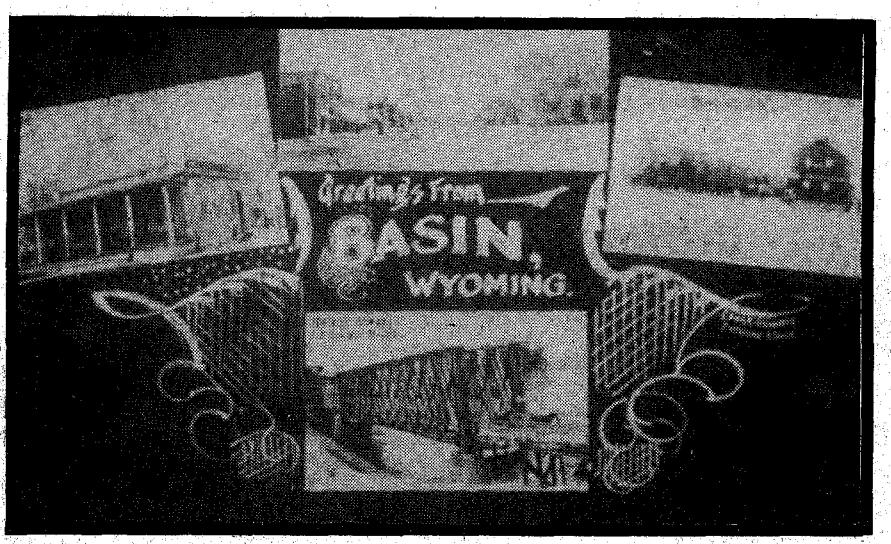

Vera Saban Collection

Postcards such as this, illustrating the advantages of the area, were distributed by Joe Magill.

of Old Hickory. Joe Magill was the second justice of the peace and O'Reilly, the third, so their "politickin' " was a draw.

Some of these court proceedings, taking place in what doubled as a dance hall, with the judge seated on an apple box, a holstered six-gun buckled about his middle, furnished the citizenry with high entertainment. When Magill was justice, O'Reilly often served as defense lawyer. The air was thick with Irish brogue, and Irish tempers flared.

At one time a young fellow from the East, dressed up in drugstore-cowboy regalia, wanted to prove that he was a real tough puncher. Trigger-happy, he pulled his revolver and, with some wild shots, broke up a dance. The next morning, he was arrested and taken before Judge Magill, with O'Reilly serving as counsel for the defendant. This promised to be interesting, so the room was packed with spectators.

With the evidence in, O'Reilly presented some final arguments. Waxing eloquent, with temper bridling, he confused his meaning, declaring that all justice should be tempered with severity. Amid the laughter, Magill agreed and found the would-be tough boy guilty, fining him fifty dollars and confiscating all his cowboy finery.

In 1886 the versatile Joe Magill had another call. The Big Horn Basin was to become a county, with a subsequent problem of selecting a county seat.

Up the Greybull River, a small settlement of one hundred people, called Otto and centrally located, felt confident of winning the vote to become county seat. With one newspaper, edited by Lou Blakesley, another was imported from Bonanza, up the Nowood, edited by Thomas Daggett, an eastern-educated journalist of exceptional ability.

But another town was laid out on the banks of the Big Horn and was declared to be a candidate for county seat — a town of a few dugouts, tents, and one shack. Named Basin City, this place needed a newspaper to further its candidacy, so the presses of the Hyattville paper, on the Paintrock, were loaded into a wagon and transferred to Basin City. Now they needed an editor, one who could match the ability of Tom Daggett.

They found him — probably the most brilliant man in the Big Horn Basin: Joe Magill. He dropped the rope and the branding iron and took up his pen. This would be a fracas, and Joe Magill loved a fracas, whether with those Colts or with his pen — and he probably had more ability with the pen.

Now Joe Magill's superb imagination could soar. The pages of the *Basin City Herald*, housed in the one shack, lauded Basin City in vivid prose. Since the town was laid out on a barren sagebrush flat, with a few cottonwoods along the river, Magill's colorful descriptions weren't entirely authentic, and his first issue contained this paragraph:

"In the battle for the county seat the paper will use every endeavor to promote the candidacy of Basin City. But it will revile or vilify no man because he exercises the God-given privileges of thinking differently from us. We shall not sully its pages with the billingsgate of the fishwife or the vulgar 'patter' of the slums. No cowardly attacks on private individuals will befoul its columns. We shall stoop to no falsehoods or misrepresentations. If victory is to be gained only by such aids, we prefer defeat. The laurel wreath purchased at such a price is too costly for men of honor and principle. It is a question of the good of the people. The men who wilfully deceive them for any paltry, selfish ends merits eternal infamy."

Then the same issue gloriously proclaims the splendors of the Basin City vicinity in words which would cause the reader to believe that here was the beauty spot of the world. Perhaps it was all in the eye of the beholder.

In Otto, Lou Blakesley of the *Courier* didn't admire the tactics or the descriptive abilities of Joe Magill. He lambasted the Basin City editor with a few telling words of his own. "A low-lived, brainless coward, biggest lying coward that ever breathed the breath of life, half-witted cur, brainless pup, skunk and poor fool." For the time, at least, Magill had no friend in Blakesley, but that didn't halt his promotional activities.

Big Horn Basin residents had never been privileged to read the English language as it was reeled off the presses of Joe Magill's paper. Along with the present great suitability of the town for county seat, he built up a city of the future, one of tall buildings, street railways, and beautiful homes. Utilizing anything that would further the cause of Basin City, he carried out the job with zest.

In Tom Daggett, Magill had no mean opponent, but Basin City won the race, and Joe Magill was elected Basin City's first justice of the peace. The *Basin City Herald* was made the official county paper; Magill edited it for a year or two, and then it folded. With no battle to fight, putting out a newspaper became too humdrum, and rapidly developing Basin City had no further need of Magill's promotional abilities.

So Joe Magill trekked back south to Thermopolis. By that time the good Chief Washakie had signed the papers which deeded ten square miles of

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reservation land to the federal government, and this area was soon turned over to the state. Included in that ten square miles were the largest mineral hot springs in the world.

Old Town Thermopolis perked up and packed up and made a six-mile move to the south, even transporting many buildings. A new town had been platted across the river from the springs, a town with streets wide enough to permit the turning of a sixteen-mule team. Joe Magill and Dr. Shuelke's name of Thermopolis was retained for the new town, and things were humming. Magill, always the booster, was on hand to lend his assistance wherever needed.

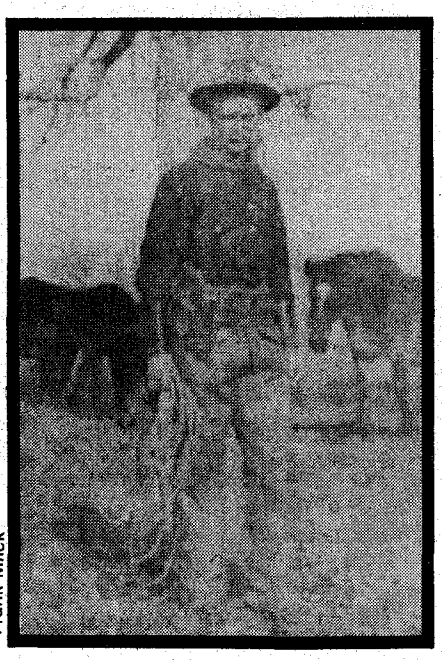
Perhaps the Irishman had something to do with the first newspaper, which asserted in good Magill-ese, that Thermopolis was destined to become world famous, and it was called the City of Destiny.

Before the Shoshone tribe relinquished the springs to the white man, people were camping at the springs, bathing in the waters. A crude bathhouse had been erected by 1894, and the Sagebrush Hotel, built entirely of sagebrush, had rooms for the weary traveler. Now the Hot Springs Hotel and soon the Keystone Hotel came into being, to serve those hunting the life-giving properties of the mineral springs.

With the new town on the west side of the river and the springs on the east, ways were devised for moving from one area to the other. A footbridge was built for pedestrians, and a cable ferry became the main conveyance for the high-water season when the river could not be forded. But it wasn't until 1902 that the first small sanitarium for the treatment of sick people was built on the spring side.

A school was organized, with Joe Magill as the first teacher. The same building which housed the school was also used as a church. And Joe Magill, outstanding speaker, had the time, ability, and the enthusiasm to beat the drum for Thermopolis as the future capital of the state — a hope destined for defeat.

With the railroad still a dream of the future, mail and freight were brought over the mountains from Casper, by way of the old Bridger Trail. In the summer, Joe



Frank Milek

Joe Magill in his later years, still the cowhand.

Magill was a stage driver, on the run from Casper, a thirty-hour trip in good weather, costing a passenger $16.40 one way. It is said that Magill also at times handled jerk-line teams on the freight wagons. He must have needed dual vocabularies — one for his teaching duties and an entirely different one for his jerk-line teams.

The Irishman counted Chief Washakie among his friends. He told of the time when the old Shoshone chief was royally entertaining him during a Sun Dance, and the women prepared a feast in a large tepee nearby. They appeared, each carrying a covered dish. One, stopping before Magill, removed the cover with a flourish, revealing a bunch of puppies, roasted whole. Mr. Magill didn't relate how he handled that, but since students of the tribe declare that the Shoshones don't eat dog meat, the story may have been a bit of Irish blarney.

Then an event occurred of world-wide significance — the sinking of the *Maine*. In his rough little schoolhouse Joe Magill held dedication services for it, said to be the first service of its kind ever held in the United States. And suddenly, for Magill and others, the action was elsewhere.

The Rough Riders, those regiments of volunteer cavalry, were organized, with Col. Torrey in command, and one regiment was composed of Wyoming men. With these men, as newspaper correspondent, was Joe Magill. The Torrey Rough Riders, expert riflemen and horsemen, were eager to get across the waters. Although Col. Roosevelt's Rough Riders made it to San Juan Hill, Torrey's men met only frustration.

In June 1898, they were sent to Camp Cuba Libre at Jacksonville, Florida, where they waited to be sent into action. But Magill had but one scrap to report, and that took place at Camp Cuba Libre. One of the troopers, called up on the carpet by the officer of the day, had this account: "It didn't amount to anything, sir. One of the boys in the Leadville troop got a little too much liquor. He came over to our troop looking for something and he found it. I handed it to him."

The camp was located in the swamps, rife with mosquitoes, with not even tents for protection. Used to the high, dry climate of the West, many of the men came down with typhoid fever — among them, Joe Magill. He recovered, but his friend, Harry Gunther, a remittance man who had been sent west by his family of New York, died despite all the care money could provide.

In October 1898, the Torrey Rough Riders were mustered out, the war ending too soon to see the utilization of their services. They returned home, and among them was Joe Magill, correspondent.

This Irishman was a restless buckaroo. The day of the cowboy and the stagedriver was on the wane, and the new town of Thermopolis was developing with no great problems. So Magill seems to have hunted other areas of endeavor.

It is told that he served on various important newspapers, either as correspondent or as editor. In 1903 he was with the *Omaha World-Herald*. Always a poet, some of his poems were published by that paper. One is called either "A Big Horn Cowboy's Prayer" or "Ode to Wyoming's Wonders" by "a puncher in exile." This is not a simple western chant, but shows a great grasp of the English language and an appreciation of the beauties of the West. Running for twenty-four, four-line stanzas, the poem mentions with admiration the names of many of his old-time friends of Wyoming. Another poem, praising "Wyoming's

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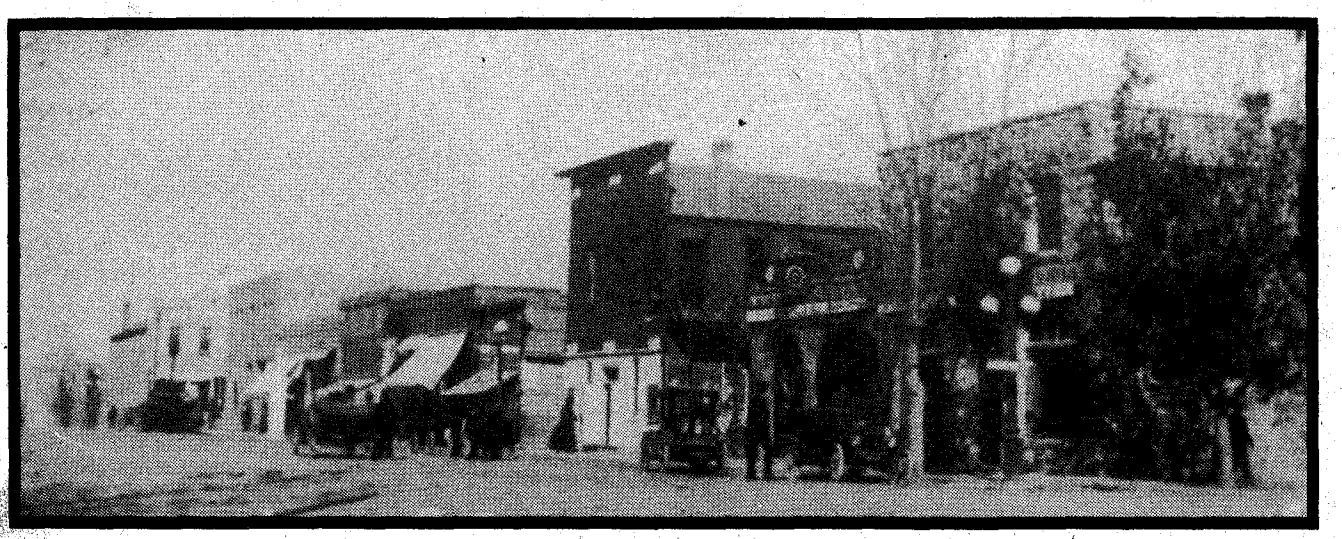

Ernie Yaden

Joe Magill saw the towns grow, and cars and street lights appear, as on Main Street of Basin, Wyoming.

Beauty Spot," he called "The Western Hesperides" or "The Enchantment of the Big Horns."

But cities must have palled, the West called, and Joe Magill returned, back to his friends and the freedom of a still young land.

The aging wanderer found changes. The small settlers had filtered into the valleys, cutting into the spreads of the big cattlemen. The days of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang were past, but in Thermopolis there was the Hole-in-the-Wall Saloon, "the only first class saloon in Thermopolis," it was advertised. There was a new brick schoolhouse, business buildings of brick or stone, and comfortable homes on streets now tree lined.

In 1908, Thermopolis had a population of 1500 but was still considered quite a tough little place, with gamblers, outlaws, rustlers, and fast women on the streets, and men still wore their side arms. But it was clear that now the rustlers were giving way to the hustlers, kindred spirits with Magill in their determination to boost this area.

Magill now became a rancher in a small way, taking up land some miles north of Thermopolis, and he called this place home until old age, with its ills, slapped him with a warning hand.

In 1906 the Chicago and Northwestern railroad had reached Shoshoni, over the mountains to the south, and mail by stage didn't take so long, coming by way of Birdseye Pass. And then the miracle, for in 1910 the CB&Q reached Thermopolis from the north. That was a day of wild celebration for the town, and there is little doubt but that Joe Magill properly eulogized the occasion.

In the Nineties, coal had been discovered north of Thermopolis, with mines developed at Gebo and Crosby. Now the businessmen of the area deemed that coal could be the drawing card to bring in settlers and, of greater importance, the investment of money. The Thermopolis fledgling Chamber of Commerce, with the able assistance of Joe Magill, embarked on a project of no mean proportions.

A committee went to Minneapolis and touted the wealth-acquiring advantages of northern Wyoming, with its coal in abundance. A passenger coachful of potential investors was brought to Thermopolis. Among other things, a "smoker" was planned for the visiting dignitaries, including the mayor of Minneapolis, to take place in the Emery Hotel, newly constructed in 1906.

Col. Jay L. Torrey, an excellent speaker, was master of ceremonies and introduced Dr. Hale, a physician of the town. Tall and handsome Dr. Hale gave a fifteen-minute welcome which amazed the city eastern men, and the mayor gave the response.

Then Col. Torrey arose and said he had another speaker who could properly describe the advantages of the area.

Into the hotel and through the crowd came Joe Magill, the cowboy. He wore run-over high-heeled boots, greasy leather chaps, a red flannel shirt, a buckskin vest, and in one hand he carried a wide-brimmed hat. Clearly this was no drugstore cowboy.

Standing at ease before the crowd, he spoke. With his superior education, his wonderful speaking ability, and the blarney of the Irish, he overwhelmed that crowd of easterners. He told them he had seen the world and had bathed in the health spas of the Old World, but had chosen Thermopolis, with its life-giving waters, to be his home. For more than half an hour he talked, and Chief Arapooish himself couldn't have lauded the Big Horn Basin as eloquently.

This was probably the greatest moment of Joe Magill's life. Those Minneapolis gentlemen loved him; their enthusiasm and interest were boundless. Whether or not they were impressed with the country, they were certainly impressed with Joe Magill.

Two weeks after the visitors left, some express arrived for Joe Magill, a gift from these Minneapolis friends: a pair of white Irish wolfhounds. It is told that the express charges came to two hundred dollars. The Irishman loved those dogs in spite of the fact that feeding them kept him broke for many years. They were unused to scrounging for small game as native dogs could do. But Joe managed, and a few years later he could often be seen walking down a Thermopolis street with at least twenty wolfhounds following him.

The easterners boosted the mining stock, and many investors and settlers arrived. The Great Northern railroad wired Joe Magill that they wanted to

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interview him in Omaha. He went, and the result of that meeting was a project designed to woo people and investments to the Big Horn Basin. Two box cars were equipped with material to demonstrate the potentialities of the area — pictures, literature, samples, and mock-ups showing regional industries and areas of interest. For two years these cars were moved from place to place, and the lecturer who accompanied them, acclaiming the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming, was Joe Magill.

When he returned to Thermopolis he appeared tense, tired, and worn. When Hot Springs County was organized, split off from Big Horn County, he was elected county assessor. But he found the day-by-day book work too irksome and confining, and he resigned.

Through his interest in the breeding of his dogs he became acquainted, first by correspondence, with a wealthy New York Irishman, also a dog breeder. Much impressed by Magill's letters, the man, much younger than Magill, invited him to spend a month in New York City. This eastern friend later declared that no man with Joe Magill's ability should have wasted his life by punching cows in Wyoming. He said that Magill's knowledge of the English language was so great that he could easily have filled a professorship at Harvard University.

Throughout the years, Joe Magill was available for speaking. If he was the featured speaker for a dinner, a meeting, a Fourth of July celebration, or a country picnic, the audience was assured of good entertainment. His story-telling ability has been likened to that of Lincoln. He had a good repertory of anecdotes, and the right word was always on tap.

Joe Magill never married — perhaps he was too busy, or his early training for the priesthood wasn't forgotten. But some say he tried. One early-day belle of the Paintrock country said that he proposed to her in the henhouse. In later years she was to say, "Now, wasn't that a romantic place for a proposal?" But there was a twinkle in her eye and no mockery in her words.

But the years were telling, and Joe Magill found one last occupation that had an advantage—it gave him the opportunity to visit all his old friends, those cowboys-turned-ranchers-or-farmers. He became a clothing salesman. Peddling his wares he went back to the old cowboy habit — riding the grubline. Stopping at a ranch house he might spend a day or two, a week or two, or even a month. Always an entertainer, he was welcomed.

Perhaps the Irish blarney still worked. One man, as a youth moving cattle along a roadside, stopped to chat with Magill. Before the visit was over, he was the owner of two complete outfits of new clothes.

Now the basin was settled, the railroads had come, highways crisscrossed the land. The day of the outlaw was past; the excitement of a raw land being settled was over. Somehow, adventurous Joe Magill, with all his verve and brilliance, was no longer needed to tout the basin. And the ill health which he had whipped in these western climes overtook him once more.

Joe Magill spent his last Thermopolis years with the Frank Milek family in a large two-story home on a tree-shaded street. Always afflicted with an inherent instability, his erratic personality problems hadn't decreased with the years. He became just plain cantankerous.

At last he was sent to a local hospital and from there to the J.E. Mullen Memorial to the Little sisters of the Poor, a Catholic nursing home in Denver. There he died in the mid-Thirties and was buried in Denver, a man whose great potentialities, it might seem, were wasted. But perhaps not — perhaps he knew his limitations. In Mr. Milek's possession are numerous stories written by Joe Magill, all unpublished. Perhaps writing may have been the therapy he needed.

Joe Magill left a valley much different than the one acclaimed by Chief Arapooish a hundred years before. But his love for that valley was the strongest influence of his life. No other cowboy but Joe Magill could have written this:

"Here the moonbeams shed
their glory on the massive
walls they builded,
"Walls of porphyry and granite
by the Shell Creek's rugged
head;
"And the night wind's filled
with wailing
"Like some dirge your ears
assailing —
"They're the ghostly notes of
mourning for men and days
long dead."

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Kansas State Historical Society

The Bender Place, Labette County.

The Bloody Benders

by Eve Ball

It was in the spring of 1871 that the Benders came into the west edge of Labette County, Kansas, from Fort Scott, terminal of the railroad.

They were traveling west toward Independence, and stopped about twelve miles east of that town. They brought with them lumber for building a house and erected it about one hundred yards off the road.

The building was approximately 16 by 24 feet and divided into two rooms. The partition used was a wagon sheet suspended from the ceiling. Behind it were two beds and an iron cook stove; this constituted their living quarters. The other compartment was used as a store, and on shelves they placed such articles as tobacco, snuff, canned tomatoes, canned peaches, sugar, salt, soda, and flour — articles to be purchased by people who stopped overnight, and by neighbors who saved themselves a long trip by shopping there. No one would have suspected the existence of a cellar in the living quarters. There was one about six feet by five feet, the base of which was covered with flat stones.

The family consisted of four members — that is, if it were a family as people assumed. They were Kate, a young copper-blonde, about twenty-one or -two; her brother, John Jr., possibly two years older than she; and the parents, John Sr. and his dowdy, overweight wife. The older couple was assumed to be in their fifties. Kate, different from the rest of the family, was cordial; she occasionally attended church, and worked for a time at a boarding house in Cherryvale. She set herself up as a "Healer" of all sorts of diseases including "fits" (epilepsy).

Their closest neighbor, M.E. Sparks, lived about a mile away and, because he could buy supplies at the Bender Store, went occasionally, saving the four-mile trip to Cherryvale, the next town to the west. When he went to the Bender Store, Kate Bender was cordial and the older couple, grouchy and uncommunicative.

Other neighbors assessed the younger man, John Jr., as a "half-wit," but in that they may have been in error.

With the exception of Kate, the family spoke with a decided German accent, and when the young woman spoke to one of the others, it was in that tongue.

Why had they come? Did they buy their land or "file" on it? Nobody knew or thought it of importance. Neighbors were curious, but at that time nobody asked from where people came. Though the Benders were considered as "queer," they were not under suspicion.

They picked up stone and built a barn with one side open for their team and other animals. They kept a cow, pigs, and chickens; they had a watering trough between the two buildings.

One evening a missionary priest rode in and stopped, planning to spend the night. He was seated in the store, and John Bender (the older) paced the floor near him. The priest himself didn't know just

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GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

$2,000 REWARD

State of Kansas, Executive Department.

WHEREAS, several atrocious murders have been recently committed in Labette County, Kansas, under circumstances which fasten, beyond doubt, the commissions of these crimes upon a family known as the "Bender family," consisting of

JOHN BENDER, about 60 years of age, five feet eight or nine inches in height, German, speaks but little English, dark complexion, no whiskers, and sparely built;

MRS. BENDER, about 50 years of age, rather heavy set, blue eyes, brown hair, German, speaks broken English;

JOHN BENDER, Jr., alias John Gebardt, five feet eight or nine inches in height, slightly built, gray eyes with brownish tint, brown hair, light moustache, no whiskers, about 27 years of age, speaks English with German accent;

KATE BENDER, about 24 years of age, dark hair and eyes, good looking, well formed, rather bold in appearance, fluent talker, speaks good English with very little German accent:

AND WHEREAS, said persons are at large and fugitives from justice, now therefore, I, Thomas A. Osborn, Governor of the State of Kansas, in pursuance of law, do hereby offer a **REWARD OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS** for the apprehension and delivery to the Sheriff of Labette County, Kansas, of each of the persons above named.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed.

[L. S.] Done at Topeka, this 17th day of May, 1873.

THOMAS A. OSBORN,
Governor.

By the Governor:

W. H. SMALLWOOD,
Secretary of State.

Kansas State Historical Society

Reaction by the State of Kansas to the gruesome discoveries made at the Bender Place.

what caused him to have a premonition of danger, but he felt it so strongly that he said, "I must look after my horses," and bolted for the door. When he reached the animal, he mounted and rode away. Nobody knew what became of Father Paul Ponziglione. It was months later before people began to suspect that possibly other travelers carrying gold had had similar experiences but had been unsuccessful in escaping the Benders. People were going west and carrying sums of money to buy land, found a business, or buy cattle.

In the interval that followed, the corpses of two men were found in Big Hill Creek. Their wounds were exactly the same as what was later proved to be the work of the Benders, but at the time little was thought about it. As far as can be determined, no investigation was made.

About fifteen months after the arrival of the Bender family, the neighbors became aware of a vague uneasiness, and it was during the last nine months of their stay that suspicions became strong. People spending the night at the Bender home were safe as long as they were without funds. But when the family had reason to think they were carrying cash, their doom was sealed.

Near Elk City, Kansas, about thirty miles west of Cherryvale, John Furse had filed on a claim of 160 acres and had a small bunch of cattle; this was before his marriage to my mother's sister, Anna Gibbs. (I've heard this story from both John Furse and two bachelor neighbors.) They decided to drive their three small herds to Fort Scott and sell the cattle and collect the money. They spent the night at the only hostel, the Bender Place. As was the custom, they slept in their bedrolls and were welcomed by the Benders. When they reached Osage Mission (Fort Scott), the two neighbors told John they had bet the government $40 that they wouldn't starve out on their claims; as usual the government had won. Each offered to give John Furse a quick-claim deed for $10, and he accepted. He tied the rest of his cash from the sale of his cattle into small stacks in a bandana.

It was a long, hard trip back; when Furse came to

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Kansas State Historical Society

Dr. York's grave.

the Bender Place, both he and his horse were exhausted. John Furse stopped to get a drink and to water his tired beast. It was late in the evening and the thought of another seven miles was forbidding. Kate Bender greeted him cordially and handed him a dipper of water. She insisted he come in and spend the night. He might have done so if she had not added, "I'm all alone on the place."

"I'm sorry, Miss Katie," he said, "I have promised my brother George on Big Hill Creek I would spend the night with him; if I don't show up he will be worried." He returned the dipper to her.

There were no trees, but at intervals there was large vegetation to hide a horse and rider. Furse feared that he might be followed and killed; he walked, leading his mount, and kept a constant watch for a pursuer. It was after midnight when he arrived at his brother's home on Big Hill Creek. Nobody in the family doubted that had he remained at the Bender House, he would have been one of their victims.

That there had been a former occupant there was indicated by an orchard of apple trees. The first thing that aroused the suspicions of the neighbors was the fact that during the winter of the last nine months of their stay, the Benders cultivated their orchard.

At Independence and Cherryvale, people came in search of missing relatives, and suspicion grew.

To return to Edith Connelley Ross's article on the subject...the suspicions of the neighbors were confirmed toward the end of 1873. Several things contributed. Mr. Sparks heard a calf bawling at the Bender Place, went over to investigate, and found the animals starving. He was convinced something was terribly wrong. A posse was organized and cooperated with officers who were also on the trail. The sheriff of Labette County had known the Benders during the period of their stay; he joined the search. Officers and neighbors congregated at the Bender House; the building was rolled away from its foundation, disclosing the horrible pit which it had concealed. The stench was terrifying and nauseating. A man took the iron rod from the end gate of his wagon and poked the ground in the apple orchard. If it went down easily within three or four feet, a decomposed body was found. In all, twenty-eight of these were exhumed — among them was that of Dr. William H. York. His brother, Col. York, had served in the legislature and had influential friends at the capitol. He had been a leader in the search for his lost brother.

What had become of the Benders? A trip to the little village of Thayer, through which there was a railway, produced some evidence, for it was there that the team belonging to the Benders was found. A Santa Fe Train went north from Thayer shortly after midnight. Edith Connelley Ross recorded that the station agent admitted he had sold tickets to four people who spoke with a German accent; the conductor admitted having helped them aboard. This in itself is a very controversial bit of evidence, because later both the ticket agent and conductor denied having seen the Benders. This was probably owing to their fear of retribution. It is doubtful if any conclusive evidence can be produced by either side.

For many years after their disappearance, word would come that one or more of the Benders had been found. Mr. Sparks and the sheriff from Labette County were sent to identify the suspects, but in no instance did they recognize the accused.

The world is horrified at violence as it exists in our society today, but it is doubtful that it exceeds that of the Bender Family. One impression that people in the area hold and always will is that Kate, who called herself Professor Katie Bender, was the most cruel of the four people. They believe she planned and organized the murders the others committed.

There was considerable agitation in favor of trying the posse for the disappearance of the Benders. "If," said Furse, "any jury in this part of the world had tried them, they would have given them medals." **RW**

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Two faithful readers have come to our assistance. R.L. Janssen of South Dakota writes: "Wounded Knee Creek bears a name which is a translation of the Sioux name for this creek, given to it because somewhere along the course, an Oglala Sioux was wounded in the knee by an arrow in a fight with Crow Indians. The Sioux warrior was also thereafter known as 'Wounded Knee.'" We can't resist saying that that was our guess as printed in a previous issue.

And here's some information on Poker Alice, requested previously by H.K. Oxlade of England, and supplied by Charlotte Cunningham of Sunnyvale, California: "Poker Alice was born in England in 1851 and died at Sturgis, S.D., at the age of 77, where she is buried."

Q. I'm in the seventh grade and I read once that Wyatt Earp was on the wrong side of the law. Are there any documents to prove this? Z. Darragh, Grandview, Wa.
A. We also read somewhere that once or twice Old Wyatt was engaged in some shady doings, but we are sorry to say that we can't find it. It's entirely possible, Zack. Perhaps a faithful reader can enlighten us.

Q. Were Indians known to have venereal disease before the white man came? What were some of the diseases that Indians were known to have before the white man? C. Lamey, Conway, Ark.
A. You have hit upon a controversy that still rages. There are prominent authorities on both sides of the question. Personally, we think that it is so far in the past that it is beyond solution. However, we did read of the finding of ancient Indian bones (pre-Columbus) that, when examined, were declared to contain a particularly virulent type of syphilis which caused death. Disease is more ancient than man. In regard to other diseases, they were plagued with most of the same that afflict us, except, for instance, smallpox and measles, which we brought over. We highly recommend the book, *American Indian Medicine* by Virgil Vogel, which not only contains information on Indian diseases, but also tells of the Indian treatment of such.

Q. Can you explain the origin of the nickname "The Sundance Kid" and what it signifies? T. Kudo, Gardena, Calif.
A. It makes us feel so inadequate to simply say "we don't know," so we are going to make what to us seems like the most likely explanation. (We looked it up and found nothing.) We think that the Kid came from a place named "Sundance" (isn't there a place in Arizona called such?) and that the place itself was so-called because it was where the local Indians performed such a dance. Sounds very logical to us. We solicit further information from faithful readers.

Q. Wasn't the Government alarmed at the extermination of the buffalo? Didn't they do anything about it? K. Larsen, Ft. Smith, Ark.
A. The wheels of Government move slowly, like the mills of the gods. In 1894, Congress prohibited the killing of buffalo but set aside only enough land for 65 animals! In 1909, they finally set aside 18,540 acres for the poor beast, in Montana. Other things have been done since.

Q. How big was the San Francisco earthquake? L. Cirillo, Decatur, Ill.
A. That's a pretty ambiguous question, Larry. Millions of dollars were lost, many lives also. Do you mean how big geologically? Well, it caused a 20-foot shift in the San Andreas fault.

Q. Didn't Colonel Tim McCoy have a Wild West Show? What happened to it? J. Kinsey, Aurora, Col.
A. Yes, he did. It was formed in 1938 and went broke within a month. Critics say it lacked "hoopla," whatever that is.

Q. I can't believe what I just read: Ned Buntline, the writer of the Buffalo Bill stories, was an officer in the U.S. Navy. Is it true? C.Canavan, Los Alamos, N.M.
A. Believe it. He was promoted from enlisted man to midshipman because he saved the crew of a ship's boat that had overturned in the East River, N.Y. Here's some more stuff you'll find hard to believe: He was also an ex-convict (served a year on Blackwell's Island), had a series of wives and mistresses, served in the Civil War (mostly as a deserter), killed a man who accused him of wife-stealing (probably true), and was a very accomplished marksman. At his peak he made $20,000 a year, which was quite a lot of mazoola in those days (even in these days.)

Q. What was Buffalo Bill's Indian name, and from what tribe was it? D. Corne, Tempe, Ariz.
A. Old Bill's Indian name was "Pahaska," a Cheyenne name meaning "Long Hair."

Q. As a shooter myself, it is hard to believe that Annie Oakley, with her comparatively primitive rifle, could perform the feats she did. H. Corr, Holland, Mich.
A. She did, though. One of her most spectacular feats, for instance, was to shoot a glass ball whirling on a string held by her husband by sighting through a mirror and shooting backwards over her shoulder. Believe it.

Q. How did Tom Mix die? J. Chaves, Carlsbad, N.M.
A. Tom took a curve too fast in his fancy car and died of a broken neck. It happened in 1940 near Florence, Arizona.

Q. Did the old Apache chief Geronimo ever get religion? I think I read that he did. K. Prendiville, Thompson, Utah.
A. Yes, he did. He became a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. Alas, he was expelled for gambling.

Q. What can you tell me about Liver Eating Johnson? V. Neumann, N.Y.C.
A. It's JOHNSTON, not Johnson. He was born in 1823 and was famed as a killer of Crow Indians. They say his wife and children were killed by Crow Indians. He got his name by eating the livers of the Indians he killed, and he lived to be 76. We don't know if his liver diet contributed to his longevity. **RW**

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THE SURVIVOR

by R. G. THORP

On a cold March morning in 1880 a small band of Indians riding ponies arrived at Fort Thompson, South Dakota, with a small pinto in tow. On the pinto, covered with a blanket, clung the breathing remains of a man whose driving will to live would become legendary.

The man was Charles Williams, a 24-year-old mail carrier caught in the throes of a raging blizzard while en route from Fort Thompson to Wessington Springs, S.D.

The agents at Fort Thompson who helped lift Williams from the pinto could scarcely believe their eyes. He had left the fort four days previous, hearty and healthy, yet on this day he was hardly recognizable. His face and hands were swollen to at least four times their normal size and almost black.

Conscious (amazingly) at the time of his arrival at the fort, it was not until he was loaded onto a buckboard and buried in blankets that Williams finally lapsed into unconsciousness. Forty-four hours later, after a sleep so deep that the doctors at Fort Hale sometimes wondered if he were dead, Charles Williams awoke and reported his incredible ordeal.

The winter of 1879-1880 had been a mild one until Feb. 26th, the day Williams had risen early and left Fort Thompson on a ginger-colored mare. The journey was 44 miles by the trail mail riders used. It was a trail only to those who knew the obscure landmarks which included creeks, rock buttes, occasional trees, and odd-shaped boulders. On a clear day a rider could barely distinguish the trail, but when the skies darkened or shifts of snow covered the ground, it was easy to go astray.

His journey more than half completed by 1 p.m., Williams was beginning to dwell on the pleasures of a warm fire awaiting his arrival in Wessington Springs, when a frigid blast lifted the tails of his heavy, black-cloth coat. Glancing to the north he observed a surly, rolling weather front which seemed to be devouring the clear blue sky which had thus far blessed his journey.

Minutes later a vicious storm and howling winds overtook him. Still he plodded onward. Two hours later, the ground was snow covered and he jerked the bridle reins of the mare with a demanding "whoa." He had lost the trail.

Deciding that he had ridden too far south, he reined the horse in a northerly direction. He knew that his best bet was to find the trail and stay on it, even if he had to walk all the way to Wessington Springs. After an hour of fruitless searching, a furious blizzard encircled him. Now, he recognized the danger. Using the wind as a compass, he headed west, hoping to reach refuge along the sprawling Elm Creek he had crossed earlier in the day. There he would find wood enough for a warm fire and a shelter in which to await the storm's abatement.

Riding westward for a few minutes, he found that the blizzard seemed to tease him. In some places, freezing mini-whirlwinds swept the ground, leaving it barren; a few yards forward, the snow was piled waist high. After dismounting, he led the horse around the deep piles of snow. He retraced his tracks and searched for a better course.

Day ended and night began with no hint of Elm Creek. He plodded on all night, with dark giving way to daylight again. The storm intensified, but still the man and horse struggled for refuge. Snow and ice clogged their eyes, nostrils, and mouths. Every few minutes, he stopped and threw his coattails over the mare's head to prevent suffocation.

Williams recalled that the intensity of the storm became such, that day and night were almost indistinguishable. Yet a small voice inside his head pushed him on. Twenty-two hours after the storm began, the exhausted man, whose face was numbed by frostbite, halted a tired and skitterish horse on the banks of Elm Creek.

Williams wasted no time in gathering dead brush. Reaching into his coat pocket he found that his few matches were wet. Horrified, he tried to strike them all. In a final diligent search of hs pockets, he found two sulphur heads in the linings. He removed the saddle blanket on his horse, sat down while straddling the wood, covered himself with the blanket, and prayed. The first match head sputtered and went out. The second head emitted a brief yellow flare and died.

He was then, he said later, a man defeated. Exhausted and unable to move, he sat quietly beneath the blanket and waited for death to overtake him. But the mare moved forward and rubbed her nose against him, attempting to brush away the snow and ice restrictions. The touch startled him and he sprang to his feet with alarm. A new determination to live suddenly came over him.

He decided to follow the creek's edge, avoiding the violent wind. He knew he must keep moving until the storm ended. He replaced the blanket on the horse and resumed his trek.

After a few minutes' travel a new danger manifested itself. The creek's edge was spotted with washouts, some ten-or-more feet deep, and filled with snow. Stumbling in such a washout could mean suffocation. After thrashing his way out of a six-foot washout, he reached the most heart-wrenching decision of his ordeal. He quietly removed the saddle from his horse and tied it and the mail pouch to a small sapling where they would be easily spot-

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ted. He stripped the saddle blanket from the back of the mare and slipped the blanket beneath his coat. Then, with a final sorrowful pat, he bade his mount goodbye and slipped down the bank into the creek bottom.

He knew the creek to be mostly dry. It offered fair protection from the wind and relief from hunger. Chewing twigs snapped from saplings offered temporary relief from unrelenting hunger pains. His immense thirst could be quelled at small unfrozen pools of water.

He plowed along the creek for the remainder of the afternoon and into the night. About midnight his next trial began. In pitch-black darkness he stumbled into a deep pool of water. He screamed for help like a burned child and groped for something to use to pull himself out. Luckily, he felt a small overhanging bush with wiry branches and, after what seemed an eternity, climbed out of the icy water.

After recovering, he noticed that his boots were filled with water. He started to remove one but suddenly stopped. If the boots came off, they might never go back onto his swollen feet. Instead, he laid on his back, raised his legs, and let the water trickle out the boot tops.

Again he wanted to give up, but something inside him forced him on his feet again. He tried to move, but his first steps required tremendous effort. His clothes were already frozen stiff, but after a few forced steps he could move more freely.

Along the creek bed the tired mail carrier trudged. When, hours later, the night ended and a new day began, the storm still raged as intensely as it had when he began his search for Elm Creek. Williams forced himself onward, knowing that to stop now, even for a few minutes, might mean instant death. The hours passed more slowly than ever. He walked all day.

During his third night in the blizzard, he felt extremely weak and experienced more difficulty in maintaining his balance. He attibuted it to weariness, but he trudged on. He thought the storm to be lessening.

At daybreak Williams discovered, to his horror, ice protruding from the tops of his boots. His frozen hands grappled for the knife in his pants pocket. He opened it with his teeth and hacked off the boot top. Chipping away the ice, he made another horrifying discovery. His feet were frozen solid. He excitedly hacked away at the boot and ice until only the sole remained. Forcing the blade between flesh and sole, he pried the remaining leather from his foot and then sat staring in disbelief at his frozen appendage. His staggering came from weariness and frozen, immovable ankles.

After several minutes of frightened reflection, he cut a piece from the saddle blanket and wrapped it around his foot. He knew the other foot to be in the same condition, so he cut off only the boot top. It was at this dark moment that he cast his eyes skyward and saw a new day dawning and bringing with it a clear sky. He wearily pulled himself up the creek bank to revel in the glory of having outlived the storm.

A slow and careful examination of his surroundings led him to believe he was within ten or twelve miles of an Indian camp. Again finding inner strength to continue, he moved on. The sun climbing the cold, clear sky did little to cheer him. He felt certain that this was his last sunrise.

To say that Williams walked to the Indian camp would be a gross overstatement. He moved in wild staggers and rolls, for his strength was almost gone. Still, he moved forward and, by mid-afternoon, found a high trail that went past the Indian camp. His progress slowed even more. His ankles would not bend, so he had to incline his body to maintain balance. Often he fell backwards, erasing a gain of three or four hard-earned steps forward.

Once again darkness overtook him. Although no blizzard prevailed on this night, a heavy vapor veiled the moon and darkness hid the trail. He laid down to rest, knowing he might never awake. Minutes later, as if on the command of a guardian angel, Williams awoke to see a bright clear moon above him and the trail — the trail to survival — before him.

He struggled forward through the night. He pulled himself up steep bluffs and rolled across valleys filled with deep snow, knowing that if he fell in, he could never extricate himself. At the daybreak he never expected to see, he found hope. Williams was on a bluff overlooking Bad Moccasin camp. Below him Indians moved about but did not see him. He could not cry out, for his tongue was so swollen that he could hardly breathe.

With a new determination he went on — rolling, wading, and crawling. Twice he lapsed into momentary unconsciousness and awoke as he struggled toward an Indian pony corral.

Imagine the inner joy that Williams felt when an Indian lad of about 13 came up the snow-covered trail on a pony. Staring at the frozen man in disbelief, he motioned that he would return and sped off. Minutes later, two men scooped Williams from the snow and carried him to their camp. A cup of corn coffee loosened his tongue enough to allow him to request that he be taken to Fort Thompson.

Charles Williams' victory over a blizzard, which he later learned had brought temperatures of 36 degrees below zero, was not his last challenge. Doctors were doubtful that he would live.

In a slow and painful process he thawed from his frozen state through the application of alternate slush (snow-water) and alcohol packs. The process took nearly three days. Williams existed in a state of constant pain ("like a thousand toothaches") for more than 60 days. During this time he wasted away to almost nothing, and only after the amputation of both his legs, just below the groin, did he begin to feel better.

Charles Williams did recover. Although there was no such thing as disability or pensions for postal workers in his time, he learned to cope with his handicap and returned to the work force. Williams farmed, raised poultry, got another mail route in South Dakota, and later sold pencils, canes and stationery. His travels throughout the west on various moneymaking projects earned him a wide following and the nickname "The Survivor."

He never knew the convenience of artificial legs. A small wooden platform was fitted to his stubs, just below the waist, and he walked on his hands.

Charles Williams is believed to have died in Indiana. **RW**

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BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

by Bob Chase

It took the dispatch rider two days to slip past the Apaches in the darkness and ride to Fort Buchanan, bringing word that a 54-man patrol from the fort was in trouble in the Chiricahua Mountains. Sheltered in the Butterfield Stage Station, the men were in a reasonably secure position, but they were deep within Apache Pass and surrounded by a large number of very angry Chiricahua Apaches. In addition, there had been casualties who were in need of medical attention, and there was no doctor in the party.

Dr. Bernard Irwin, the assistant surgeon at Fort Buchanan, volunteered to go to their aid and soon left the fort in a heavy snowstorm with a picked escort of 14 infantrymen, mounted on mules, and a civilian guide. There was no way for the doctor to know that his actions during the next few days would bring him the first Medal of Honor (chronologically), an award that would not be authorized by Congress for another year, and one which he would not receive until 33 years later, in 1894.

Today, the Medal of Honor is the highest award the United States armed forces can present to one of their members for actions above and beyond the call of duty. The award is so prestigious that General George S. Patton, while making a presentation in 1943, said: "I'd give my immortal soul for that decoration," and General Dwight D. Eisenhower once commented: "I'd rather have the right to wear this medal than to be President of the United States." Ironically, although General Eisenhower was to receive many decorations, the Medal of Honor would not be one of them, and he would have to be satisfied with his second choice. The Medal was not always so highly regarded, however. When it was first authorized by Congress for the Army in 1862, it was the only medal that could be presented to American soldiers for valor. Up until this time, medals were associated with the idea of European royalty and had been shunned in the United States. As the only authorized decoration, the Medal of Honor was sometimes awarded for deeds which, while worthy of recognition, would not qualify today. It was not until 1918 that Congress authorized such lesser awards as the Distinguished Service Medal and the Silver Star. This action followed the purging of the Army list of Medal of Honor winners in 1917. Out of 2,625 medals awarded by the Army up to that date, more than one-third (911) were stricken from the list.

Bernard John Dowling Irwin, who was to receive the first (or earliest) Medal of Honor, was born in Ireland, in 1830. He graduated from New York Medical College and entered the U.S. Army in 1856 as an assistant surgeon. After serving for some time at Fort Defiance, in what is now northeastern Arizona, he was transferred to Fort Buchanan in the southern part of the state.

The events that led up to Dr. Irwin's involvement began on Feb. 4, 1861, when Lt. George Bascom attempted to capture Cochise, chief of the Chiracahua Apaches. The attempt failed, and the lieutenant and his men had to seek shelter in the Butterfield Stage Station. On the night of Feb. 6, two riders slipped away in the darkness. Avoiding the road and leading their mounts up the rocky sides of the canyon, they were able to slip past the Apaches without detection. One rider had been sent by William Buckley, section superintendent of the Butterfield Line, to his Tucson office, which in turn relayed the news to the commanding officer at Fort Breckenridge.

A relief party was assembled, and First Lieutenant Isaiah Moore and Second Lieutenant Richard Lord soon left the fort with companies G and D of the First Dragoons. Their instructions were to rendezvous with a Butterfield coach outside the pass, escort it to the Apache Pass Station, and relieve Lt. Bascom and his men. The other messenger went to Fort Buchanan, to request medical assistance, and on Feb. 9, Dr. Irwin and his volunteers left the fort and set out for Apache Pass. By hard riding, they covered the 65 miles to Dragoon Springs in one day.

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Arizona Historical Society Library

Dr. B.J.D. Irwin, photographed after his promotion to Brigadier General in 1904.

The next morning, Feb. 10, a decision had to be made as to whether the doctor's small party should wait where they were for the two companies of Dragoons known to be coming from Fort Breckenridge, in order to enter the pass in the relative safety of a large group, or whether they should risk the passage with just 15 men. Dr. Irwin was well aware of the dangers of Apache Pass, and would never forget his first passage and the sight of the graves that lined the road through what he referred to as "the gloomy canyon" and "the dreaded pass." Furthermore, just a few weeks before, he had been in the pass with a party under the command of Captain Ewell, who was attempting to ransom some captives. Despite the presence of the soldiers, a small party of travelers had suffered severe casualties from an attack near the western entrance of the pass: the same entrance the doctor would now have to enter. Nevertheless, knowing the need of the wounded for medical attention, Dr. Irwin made the decision to leave immediately, without waiting for the larger party.

Approaching the pass across Sulfur Springs Valley, the men came upon a raiding party of Coyotero Apaches riding north with a herd of stolen horses and cattle. Irwin promptly attacked and, after a running fight, captured three of the Indians as well as the herd of 30 horses and 40 cattle. As his party entered the pass, Dr. Irwin, mindful of the danger to his small command, had the horses and cattle driven ahead, in hope of distracting the Indians in case of an ambush.

The doctor's apprehension was well founded. While an attack on a small wagon train had been completely successful, planned attacks on both the east- and westbound stages had failed. Determined that no other opportunities would be missed, and wanting to be secure from surprise attacks himself, Cochise had posted lookouts at both ends of the pass. The western approach across Sulfur Springs Valley that Dr. Irwin's party had to use was all open country and offered no chance of concealment. In the normal course of events, the approach of the doctor's party would have been detected long before their arrival, and the Apaches could have prepared and carried out a devastating ambush.

Many years later, with the wisdom of age and experience, the doctor would write of the recklessness of his youth and the "fortunate incident" that saved him and his men from being attacked and "inevitably destroyed." The "fortunate incident" he referred to was a most unlikely occurrence. Only a short time before Irwin's approach to the pass, the Apaches guarding the western entrance had discovered a company of Eighth Infantry soldiers marching to Fort Bliss, Texas, on the old Leach road north of the pass. With no way of knowing the destination of these troops, the Indians had to assume that they might intend to march in a circle and enter the pass from the east to support Bascom by attacking the Apaches from the rear. The scouts, therefore, left their post and followed the column for a time in order to determine their intentions. The Eighth Infantry column had no more knowledge of the plight of Lt. Bascom and his 54 men than the lieutenant had of their proximity. However, this accidental diversion drew the scouts away from the entrance just long enough for the doctor and his men to enter the pass and make their way to the stage station and an enthusiastic greeting from the besieged troops.

continued on page 57

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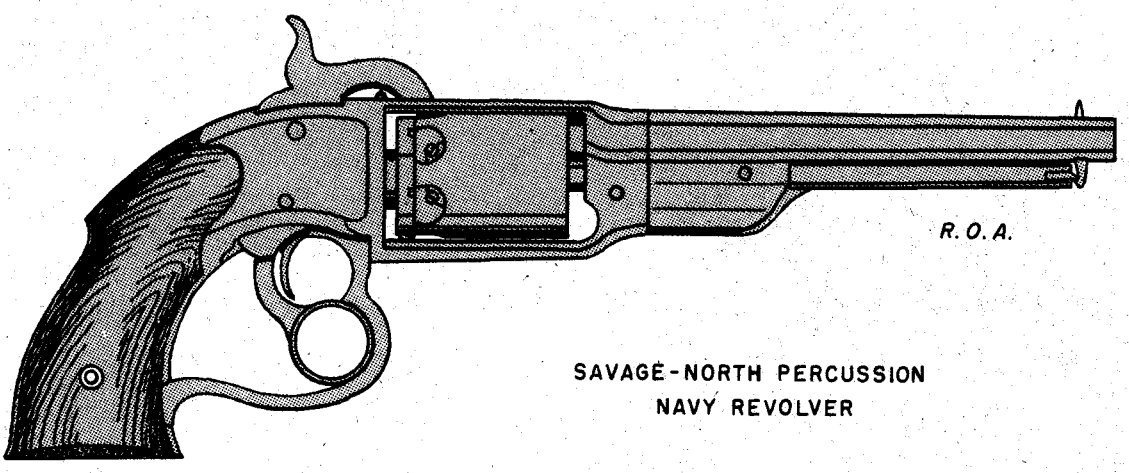
by Major R.O. Ackerman

Savage - North "Figure 8" Revolvers



SAVAGE-NORTH PERCUSSION
NAVY REVOLVER

On the western frontier, like anywhere else, there were always people who resisted change. Bill Hickok did not substitute the new breech-loading Colts for his trusted percussion revolvers, without a great deal of thought first. Even at his death, Hickok wore an obsolescent revolver of very puny caliber.

By contrast, some gunslicks were less nostalgia-minded. They were enthused over any new firearm development that might shave a fraction of a second off of their "time."

One short-lived but ingenious new design in percussion revolvers was the Savage-North group of handguns. A separate lever cocked the hammer and rotated the cylinder. The arm was then fired by the regular trigger. It was an advantage to be able to aim as you cocked it — which was difficult with the standard single actions. We will go into greater mechanical detail further on.

This group of arms, with several distinctive variations, achieved some popularity for a while; however, this died as conventional double actions became perfected, and as metallic-cartridge breechloaders superseded the percussion system.

Their particular popularity in the West was due to the fact that they were large "holster-sized" arms. They were well-made, dependable, and in the highly-accepted "navy" caliber of .36.

It is of historical interest that Henry Savage North was a direct descendant of Simeon North, who made the very *first* U.S. military pistols away back in 1799. Simeon North's plant (after the War of 1812 was declared) was moved to Middletown, Connecticut. From 1856 to 1860, Henry S. North was in partnership with his relative, Edward Savage. The firm of North & Savage was also established in Middletown, Conn. Reorganized, the firm continued as Savage Revolving Firearms Company from 1860 to 1866. The next time you heft a modern Savage 99 rifle, think of the beginning — with Simeon North in 1799. Our firearm history is full of interwined families like this. (Look at the Wesson family and all of the *separate* companies it has spawned — the latest only a few years ago!)

The Savage Revolving Firearms Co., among other activities, also made Starr revolvers under subcontract.

Their own unique revolvers are chiefly remembered by the model we know as the "Figure 8." This started with an ordinary loading lever, and later went to the gear-toothed "creeping" lever as on the 1860, 1861, and 1862 Colts. The trigger assembly gives the arm its nickname. The upper loop

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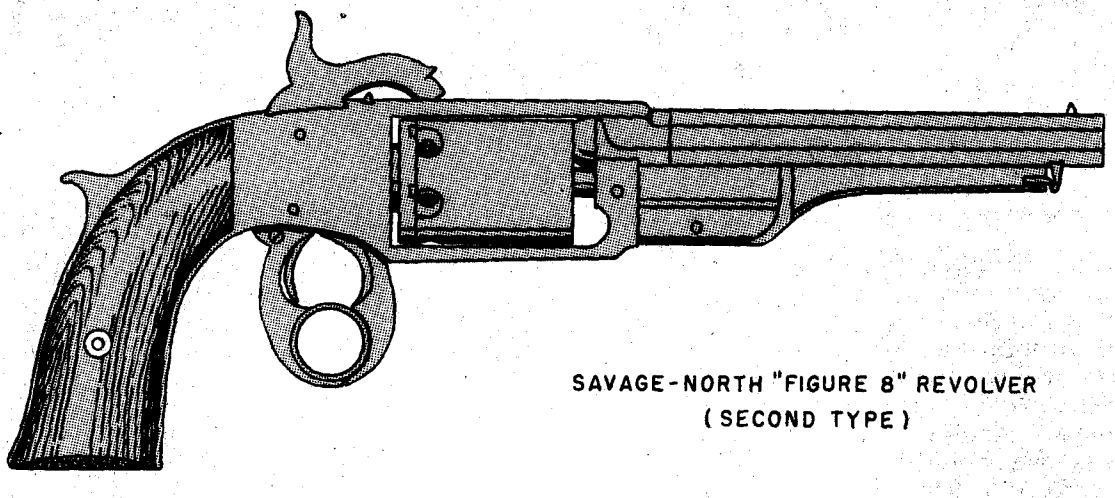
Sketched by author



SAVAGE-NORTH "FIGURE 8" REVOLVER
(SECOND TYPE)

of the guard contains the firing trigger. The lower loop, when retracted, does three things simultaneously. It cocks the hammer, slides the cylinder back a bit, and turns it to a new chamber. Release the lower loop, and the cylinder goes forward under spring pressure to make a positively aligned, nearly gas-tight seal with the chamfered chamber over the barrel breech.

Besides the different loading levers, other minor variations are seen — including the size of the spur at the top of the grip. The earliest ones had a bronze frame, while later models had a blued iron frame. Barrel and cylinder are blued — lever, hammer, and trigger assembly are case hardened in colors. The last model had a recoil shield added behind the cylinder. All had brass-cone front sights and walnut grips.

Government tests were conducted, and both the Army and the Navy ordered modest quantities just before the Civil War. The "Figure 8" is now a scarce item and much sought after by collectors.

More frequently found is the later Savage-North Navy Revolver (percussion). Also in .36, this dropped the "Figure 8" configuration by having an enormous trigger guard (see drawings). Otherwise, it was similar except for the grip shape. During the Civil War's opening years, 11,284 were purchased by the government at $19 each.

Not as rare as the true "Figure 8," these are still innovative and are also desired by collectors.

Author's Note: I get a number of questions from readers. As I said once before, this is an unpaid service, so please enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope!

Now I will add some helpful advice. If you wish information on an early firearm or replica, *please* give full description — make, model, caliber, barrel length, whatever you can. If possible, enclose a sketch or a photo. Photo will be returned.

If only identification is needed, I can usually help. Exact value can not be given unless I can examine the arm, as condition must be seen to be evaluated, plus many other factors. I can help very little if a letter says, "I have this old gun, rusty, 39¼ inches long. Exactly what is it worth? I must know immediately!"

Well, many are not that bad, but a surprising number are. Remember SASE, all pertinent info including markings, and photo. Send to REAL WEST editor for my attention. They will forward. Thank you. I will really try to help. **RW**

GALLERY

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COWBOY COOKING

by Barbara Blackburn

What those cowboys of the Old West ate while on the trail often depended on whether or not they traveled with a chuck wagon. Being on the trail without the old chuck wagon further limited the cowboy and gave him something in common with the modern backpacker: forcing him to carry compact items and to do a little foraging along the way. What did those old Westerners eat while on the trail? We'll look at those who traveled with a chuck wagon and those who traveled without — the latter including outlaws, lawmen, trapper-traders, and the like.

Chuck means grub, and in the old West it is often a synonym for food. A two- to four-wheeled vehicle drawn by oxen, mules, or horses with its contents stowed and covered under hides or tarpaulins is a chuck wagon.

For camps on the move, the large compartmented box in the rear of the wagon swung down like a tailgate to form a working surface for the cook. Charles Goodnight was probably the first person to use the term "chuck wagon." Today it is a relic of the past and is found mainly in museums. Those familiar with its use will be drawn toward sentimental thoughts of steaks frying over coals, zesty stews, spicy beans, and biscuit-like breads.

The cook or "cookie" reigned over the chuck wagon. The term, also referred to as "coosie" came from the Spanish word *cocinero*. Although he was an aging cowboy, Cookie was often paid more than the other hands, and he carried much authority.

A chuck wagon had several kettles and skillets, but the most important item was the Dutch oven. And a proper chuck wagon had more than one of those. Also important was a huge coffee pot which hung over the fire on an iron rod. Staples included makings for biscuits, beans, and beef. Biscuits were served three times a day. There were two types: the sourdough and the baking-powder variety.

It was a proud cook who had his sourdough going for a long time. He might have only made his original starter with 'tater water. After he boiled a mess of potatoes, he mixed the water with enough flour to make a thick dough. After fermenting in a crock for a few days this original starter was the basis for biscuits, flapjacks, doughnuts, and dumplings. Sourdough was a prized possession of the cook, and on those cold nights he often cuddled up to his crock inside his sleeping bag.

Although the skillet fried up those yummy flapjacks, the Dutch oven cooked the famous biscuits. Today we usually think of Dutch ovens atop our modern stoves. The cowboys had to dig and fire a hole for the Dutch oven. After the Dutch oven was inside the hole, the cook shoveled hot coals over the lid. Most Dutch ovens then were three-legged pots. The skillets, too, often had legs and were called "spiders." If the Dutch oven was not buried, it could be suspended over the campfire.

Using the Dutch oven skillfully was an art. The cook could turn out biscuits that were brown on the bottom and top, with no signs of burning. Some cooks preferred to bake a biscuit bread in the bottom of the Dutch oven. Biscuits could also be fried in the spider. To make biscuits in the Dutch oven, the dough was pinched off in balls, dipped in melted fat, and packed tightly at the bottom of the oven. Before baking, the oven was put in a warm place for about a half an hour to allow the dough to rise.

Making biscuits or sourdough bread in a Dutch oven was not easy. There was no thermostat or thermometer. Experienced cooks learned to use a few coals on the bottom and more on the top, to produce evenly-done products.

Dutch ovens cooked treats such as pies sometimes; they were mostly made of dried fruit, usually apples. The pie crust was usually fashioned of biscuit dough, and the finished product was a bit different from our pies today. Try it!

Another treat on the trail was a steamed pudding, the most popular being Son-of-a-Gun-in-a-Sack (which also bore another name, especially since it was more challenging to concoct). This, of course, bears no resemblance to what folks make from a box today, but it is more in line with what the English call 'pudding.' The Sack Pudding was filled with whatever fruits and spices were available and then steamed, wrapped in a cloth, on a trivet in the pot. A popular one was made with day-old bread, canned tomatoes, and sugar.

Canned tomatoes were prized by the men, who liked to carry them on the range to slake their thirst. Canned goods were carried on fancier wagons. The water on the wagons was often not fit for consumption, so the canned tomatoes were a welcome thirst-quencher.

Son-of-a-Gun (or its more profane term) was not just used to label a dessert pudding; it was the name of a famous stew. This stew took four to five hours to make and included a variety of meats — liver, heart, tongue, brain, sweetbreads, and marrow gut. The pieces were prepared individually and then combined. First, the heart was sauteed in suet. The tongue was skinned and diced. The brains were separated and floured — they served as the thickening. Even tenderloin was included in this delicacy. The combined ingredients were sea-

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soned and simmered in water.

Normally, the cowboys dined on tough meat, which was tenderized by pounding it. It was dredged with flour, salted, and fried in a Dutch oven, perhaps in some melted tallow. Long-simmered short ribs occasionally added variety to the meal.

Cowboys ate a lot of *frijoles* or beans, which required thorough preparation. The cook washed them, removing the dust, and soaked them overnight. Salt pork was added, and the beans were cooked over a slow, open fire or buried in a covered container in a hole full of coals. This took many hours of cooking, especially at a high altitude. The finished product, if successful, was soft but not mushy. If available, molasses, chilies, and tomatoes were added. Near the Mexican border, more chili powder or chilies went into everything except desserts. Chili powder mixed herbs such as cumin, coriander, and oregano with the chilies.

The chuck wagon often fed from ten to twenty men. The cook began his work early, before sunup. Breakfast usually included biscuits, beans, and coffee. The midday meal was often hasty and included more of the same, along with fried steaks or stew. Supper was the big meal and included the items from breakfast and dinner along with a special treat, pie or pudding.

Personal accounts of lone cowboys on the trail often do not dwell on eating, but some, like Will James, go into detail. He described his grub pile as being made up of flour, soda, a side of salt pork to season with, dried potatoes and apples, and salt and pepper. Those potatoes, he said, were a good medicine against scurvy. When he cooked he was careful to cook only the necessary amount of potatoes — only one a day for himself. "I like to watch 'em swell up when I'd put 'em in boiling water."

As a trapper without a chuck wagon, Will James was forced to prepare meals made from compact supplies. He learned to conserve heavy items like flour and potatoes — "they were not to play with."

Without benefit of Dutch ovens in which to bake, the wagonless rider got to missing the good sourdough, also "huck dummy and such like." Everything was cooked in a pan; nothing was ever baked, "as there was no way to do that."

The long and lone rider missed coffee, too; it was too heavy to pack. A pound of it didn't go as far as a pound of tea, and it wasn't as warming as tea. Contrary to this, sometimes coffee was taken along. In *The Lone Cowboy,* Will James says "that supper of fried beef and fried potatoes, biscuits and coffee, sure tasted good, even if there was no butter." There was always something missing, but they still enjoyed the food.

In summer, the lucky lone cowboy could make out on small game and, once in a while, a hunk of beef. Deer, elk, and grizzlies could supplement the basics. Among the good parts of bear meat, the hump was reported to be the tastiest.

Jerky or pemmican might have started out on the journey, but when it ran out, the rider was happy to kill some game for his fresh meat. Trappers seldom were short of that. Things like butter, sugar, and eggs, on the other hand, were out of the question. "But somehow I never missed them last things much..." said one trapper.

Without much in the line of tools and grub, the lone rider learned how to cook. Although there were no fancy dishes, what there was filled the empty space, "and when the tin plate was pushed away I felt just as satisfied as if I'd got around one of them seven course dinners."

The fur trapper traveled lightly. On one expedition, James and his companion Bopey set out with some cooked rabbit and duck, salt, tea, and half a dozen pan-size bannocks. On that same trip they met up with a moose, which they fried in bear grease.

The job of line rider, where a cowboy would cover a fifteen-mile area to see that none of his cattle strayed or that the neighbors' cattle did not get into his outfit, was monotonous, and if the line rider carried a lunch with him, it was the same. Sometimes he just carried a canteen. A supper item might be rabbits and rice. Rice was a good compact food for anyone to have on hand. The line rider often just ate breakfast and supper.

When a long-riding lawman was between jobs or about to set off on another ride, he hunted up a place where he could get a good meal, like a restaurant or saloon serving a plate of ham and eggs and some beers. He bought his goods at a supply store and was off on another long ride.

Meeting buffalo on the trail ride resulted in a tasty dinner. A buffalo calf made delicious veal, especially for someone who had had no fresh meat in a while. Sometimes the cowboy took his meat carne fresco, a trifle rare, garnished with some herbs, especially if it were a tender young cut. Maybe some wild sorrel would add a lemony zest. The horses grazed on the wild sorrel and other species of sour plants, according to one source.

If the above description for preparing a young buffalo makes you a bit sqeamish, the recipe for cheese preferred by some cowboys will not sound too appealing. After killing a cow that needs to be milked, hang the udders filled with milk, so that fresh cheese will be made. This is what some of those old outlaws used to do, according to Bill O'Neil. Anyway, sometimes unorthodox recipes developed out in the old West, which led to unsavory sagas like the one about Liver-eating Johnston.

A cowboy detective who spent years scouring for fugitives depended on the locale and his temporary job. Charles Siringo was such a detective on horseback for the Pinkerton Agency. He wrote brief descriptions of his meals in his lengthy writing. When he worked unloading bananas from a ship, he made his breakfast on bananas. When he fought a prairie fire, he had nothing to eat except broiled beef with salt. At other times dinner might be raccoon or wild turkey. He mentioned eating cantaloupes and watermelon, which was undoubtedly a treat for him. One noteworthy meal was young mustang prepared in the same way as buffalo meat. He spoke of "flapjacks being left on the stove to burn up." Flapjacks were not always the fare for breakfast. Sometimes it was a well-roasted side of ribs and a nice yearling venison.

Meals on the trail, with or without wagon, were not always fancy, but to many cowboys and traveling Westerners, they tasted naturally delicious.

RW

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By NONO MINOR, Former Assoc. Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

By Nono Minor

EARLY CALIFORNIA MISSIONS - PART III

From the summer of 1769 until October 9, 1791, the Franciscan Fathers established thirteen missions in the area now named California.

The fourteenth mission, San Jose, or Saint Joseph, was founded by Father Lasuen on June 11, 1797. This Franciscan mission was located fifteen miles north of Santa Clara mission and about three miles from the present town of Irvington, Alameda County, at a place the Indians called Orosyem. By the end of 1797 there were 33 baptisms at the San Jose mission, and by 1810 there were 1,104 converts at this mission. The highest number of Christian Indians reached 1,886 in 1831.

The first church was built of wood with a grass roof, then in 1809 a new church was built and dedicated. The Indians living in the eastern part of the territory were feared, and it appears that the mission of San Jose had more trouble with the natives than other missions to that date. When the missionaries became too forceful in trying to convert the Indians, they became more hostile, with many of them running away. A force had to be sent out to return the runaways to the mission. In 1826 the Cosumni Indians gave the Christian Indians trouble, an expedition was sent against them, and 40 captives were brought into the mission. Then in 1829, another campaign was sent into the San Joaquin valley to round up some rebellious natives led by Estanislas, a former Christian Indian, but it proved to be of little success.

When the mission was secularized in 1836, an inventory showed a total valuation, excluding the church property and land, to be $155,000. The decline of the mission was rapid after 1840, and in 1843 control of the mission was returned to the padres. By 1845 only 250 Indians lived at, or near, the mission. Governor Pico sold the mission for $12,000 in 1846, but the sale was not confirmed, and the Catholic Church remained in control. The Indians living in this vicinity belonged to the Costanean linguistic stock with the Karkin, Saklan,and the Mutsun divisions being represented. In later years many of the converts came from the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, which included the Moquelumenan, Copahan, and Malisposan or Yokuts linguistic stock.

San Juan Bautista, or Saint John the Baptist, was the fifteenth mission to be founded by Father Lasuen. He had personally selected this site between San Carlos and Santa Clara mission, about six miles from the present town of Sargent, Santa Clara County. The Indians called the place Popelout or Popeloutchem. Some men from the Monterey mission had already erected some buildings, and on June 24, 1797, the mission of San Juan Bautista was formally dedicated. By the end of the year 85 Indians had been baptized, with the number reaching 516 by 1800. In 1823 there were 1,248 converts at the mission. During the first three years after the mission was founded, there had been battles with the Ansaime Indians who lived in the mountains, about twenty-five miles east of the mission. They were eventually defeated and captives brought to the mission. A new mission church was started in 1803 and finally dedicated in 1812. In 1835, sixty-three Indians were freed from the church, and at the same time a number of white settlers drifted into the region. The place then became known as the pueblo of San Juan de Castro. In 1846 the orchard and all that was left of the lands were sold. The buildings, however, remained in possession of the Catholic Church. The Indians in this region belonged to the Costanoan linguistic family. In later years, Indians from the San Joaquin valley and the Yokuts were represented here.

The sixteenth Franciscan mission, San Miguel, or Saint Michael, was established on July

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25, 1797, by Father Lasuen. The place chosen was in the upper Salinas valley between San Antonio and San Luis Obispo, in the northern part of the present San Luis Obispo County. The Indians called the site Vahia. A *rancheria,* already called Chulam or Chaleni, was located at this site. The Indians were friendly, and in one day 15 of their children were baptized. This mission progressed rapidly not only in population, but also in wealth. By 1800 there were 362 converts, and by 1814 the number had reached 1,078. During the next ten years the livestock increased, but the crops did not do well. In 1806 the mission lost a number of its buildings and much of its supplies by fire, but only the roof of the church was damaged. A new church was started soon after that, however, and completed in 1818. By 1828 the mission lands were said to extend from the ocean to Tulare Lake. By 1834 the number of converts had fallen to 599. The mission became secularized in 1836, but as its lands had not been granted to private individuals, it prospered until 1840. At that time there were 350 Indians still living at the mission or on nearby ranches. By 1844 San Miguel was reported to be without cattle or lands, and the natives had become demoralized and scattered because there was no priest at the mission. In 1845 the mission lands were sold, but the purchase was later declared invalid. The Indians of this area belonged to the Salinan linguistic family, with possibly some Yokuts from the San Joaquin valley.

The San Fernando Ray de Espana, or Saint Ferdinand, was the seventeenth mission to be founded in this area. Father Lasuen chose a site in Los Angeles County, called Pasecgna by the natives. This was already occupied as a private ranch called Acheis Cemihavit, and had a house built on it. The priests appropriated the house for their own use. A large gathering of natives attended the dedication of San Fernando Ray de Espana on September 8, 1797, and on that day ten Indian children were baptized. By the end of the year there were 55 Indian converts, and by 1800 their number had grown to 310. In 1806 an adobe church with a tile roof was constructed. The number of converts had reached 955 by 1810, partly because the death rate at this mission was lower than in the others. The mission needed more land as converts increased, but protests were made against granting more land from the neighboring ranches. The greatest number of converts reached 1,080 in 1819, then there was a decline in both population and prosperity. The number of native converts fell to 792 by 1834. Secularization did not have the eroding effect other missions had felt. The administrators were fair, and by 1840 there were still 400 natives living in the community. San Fernando was returned to the control of the padres in 1843 and was leased to private individuals in 1845. The following year, 1846, Governor Pico sold the mission for $1,120 and in 1847 the resident minister left. The Indians in this area were from the Shoshonean linguistic stock and were included under the name Gabreilonos. Probably other natives from more distant villages also attended this mission: the Kowanga, Quaps, and others.

The eighteenth mission to be established by Father Lasuen was San Luis Rey de Francia, or Saint Louis, King of France, and commonly contracted to San Luis Rey. The mission was located at a site called Tocayne by the natives, between San Juan Capistrano and San Diego. It was chosen because the natives were docile. This mission, founded June 13, 1798, was the last mission established by Father Lasuen. He was aided by Father Santiago and Father Peyri. Fifty-four children were baptized on the day of founding, and by the end of the year 214 natives had been converted. Father Peyri became head of the new church and was zealous and energetic in his quest for converts. The Indians were willing to work, and by July 1, they had built 6,000 adobe homes, and a new church was started which was completed in 1802. By 1810 the number of converts had reached 1,519 — a more rapid growth than any other mission could boast. Their death rate was the lowest, and the mission prospered during the next decade. In 1816 Father Peyri founded a branch mission or *asistancia* of San Antonio de Pala, which was located about 20 miles up river. A chapel was built and a priest put in charge. Within two years there were over a thousand converts. After 1826 the mission started to decline. The mission lands were large, including ranches at Santa Margarita, Las Flores, Temecula, San Jacinte, and Agua Caliente. In 1834, when San Luis Rey was secularized, it had the largest number of converts of any mission (over 2,844), but after this the decline of the mission was rapid in both population and wealth, and what lands the Indians managed to keep they later had to give up. In 1846 Governor Pico sold the mission buildings and what was left of the grounds for $2,437. In 1847 John Charles Fremont, American explorer and Army officer, disposed the agent at the mission and it was used as a garrison by the United States troops. This also served as a sub-Indian agency. Title and buildings, as with many missions, remained in control of the Catholic Church. The church was repaired in 1892 and rededicated the next year. The Indians in this area belonged to the Shoshonean linguistic stock and given the collective name of Luisenes.

The nineteenth mission in this area was established by Father Tapis on September 17, 1804. The Santa Inez, or Saint Agnes, mission was about twenty-five miles from Santa Barbara mission and about the same distance from Purisima mission. The natives called the site 'Alajulapu.' Many Indians from Santa Barbara and Purisima missions attended the dedication, and many wished to remain at the new mission. Twenty-seven children were baptized and by the end of the year there were 255 converts with the number rising to 768 in 1816. The first church built was damaged in the earthquake of 1812, and a new one was built of adobe and lined with brick, and finished in 1817. The Indians of Santa Inez staged a revolt in 1824, with many of the mission buildings being burned during the conflict between the Indians and the soldiers. Many of the natives fled to the mission of Purisima after the battle. In 1840 there were still 300 Indians living close to the mission, but soon after it started to decline. In 1846 the land was sold for $7,000;

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Who Died At Cantua Creek?

by William B. Secrest

Bill Byrnes was hot, dirty, and mad. He was a big, bearded man and a lieutenant in the California Rangers. Other Rangers were busily searching several dead bodies and going through bedrolls and personal effects. They were looking for treasure — stolen gold that Joaquin's bandit gang surely would have been carrying—but no loot had been turned up. It was early in the morning, but already the foothills along Cantua Creek were heating up. It was at least 110 degrees the previous day, and today would be the same or worse.

The rangers had been on the trail for the past several months. A bandit named Joaquin had been plundering and killing throughout the southern mining country during the winter and spring of 1853. A terrorized citizenry had petitioned the state government to do something, until the legislature had finally authorized the forming of a 20-man state ranger company. They were authorized to capture or kill the bandits and were commanded by Captain Harry Love, a bounty hunter, ex-deputy sheriff, and veteran of the Texas border. Recruits scrambled to join the group, all eager to divide up recovered bandit gold.

Not quite sure of the leader's surname, the Legislative Act listed five Joaquins as being wanted: "Joaquin Muriati, Joaquin Valenzuela, Joaquin Carillo, Joaquin Botellier and Joaquin Ocomorenia." As Captain Love and his rangers tracked the bandits, it became increasingly clear that Joaquin Muriati (Murrieta) was the principal leader of the outlaws, the other names being members of the band or pseudonyms. When Love had by chance captured Jesus Feliz, a brother-in-law of the outlaw leader, he bullied his prisoner into leading them to a bandit rendezvous. Feliz knew that the gang had already finished branding a large herd of stolen stock and captured mustangs, so he saw no reason not to cooperate with the rangers. Joaquin and his men should all be gone by the time they got there. He had no way of knowing that there had been problems and that some of the outlaws were still there.

Early on the morning of July 25, 1853, Love and his men surprised a group of Mexican *vaqueros* in camp. Just how many gang members were there is not clear, but when one of the rangers identified a "Joaquin," there was a scramble for horses and pistols. In the sharp fight that followed, some half-dozen *vaqueros* were killed before the others could throw themselves onto horses and scatter in various directions. Some of the rangers pursued them, while others quickly began searching for some sign of stolen loot.

Two sentries had been captured before the fight and securely bound hand and foot. Afterwards, as the pall of gunsmoke dissipated in the humid morning air, Bill Henderson rode in with the body of a man who had been identified as Joaquin. He had managed to ride some distance from camp before being shot off his horse and killed by Henderson and ranger John White. *Tres Dedos*, or Three-Fingered Jack, had been killed also.

There were sporadic curses from rangers fruitlessly searching for gold as Love and Lieutenant Byrnes held a conference. Containers had been brought along to hold heads of any dead bandit leaders, but it was thought that this might be a good opportunity to intimidate the two captives. Byrnes hacked off the head of "Joaquin" and thrust it in the face of the prisoners and asked about gold. It was an ugly scene and produced no results. Antonio Lopez, a big muscular fellow, glared savagely at Byrnes and refused to say anything. The other prisoner, Jose Ochovo, did identify the headless corpse as Joaquin Murrieta, but disclaimed ever having robbed with him. He knew nothing of treasure, either. Disgusted, Byrnes conferred again with Love on their next

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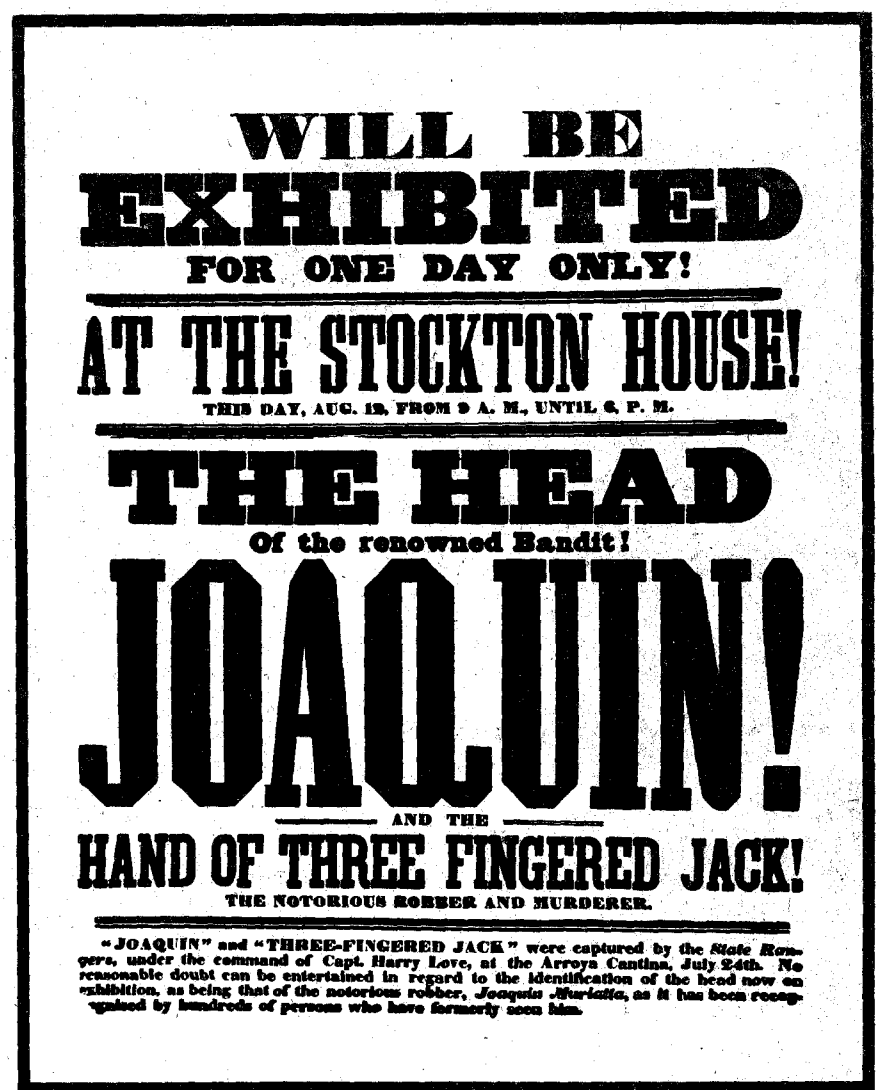
move.

After a futile chase of the escaping outlaws, the rangers returned and prepared to follow Byrnes and John Sylvester to the settlements. These two rangers had already left with the heads of Joaquin and Three-Fingered Jack and the hand of the latter. They hoped to obtain alcohol in which to store their trophies at Millerton or Fort Miller, on the San Joaquin River. The weather was blistering, and Jack's head had to be discarded as it was badly disfigured from bullet holes and the long ride. At Millerton and Mariposa, Love began gathering affidavits from people who identified the head of the fallen bandit chief. Kept in a whiskey keg until reaching Stockton, the head was displayed for the first time there in a large glass jar. And Joaquin Murrieta was legend!

Even from the start there were vague rumors that perhaps Murrieta hadn't been killed after all — that the rangers were passing off someone else's head as that of the outlaw leader. "The humbug is so transparent," grumbled the San Francisco *Alta*, "that it is surprising any sensible person can be imposed upon by the statements of the affair which have appeared in the prints."

Despite various indications of skepticism concerning the affair, other factors bolstered the ranger claims. First, there was the testimony of the prisoner who had identified the head in a Mariposa court as that of Joaquin Murrieta. The dozen-or-so affidavits also were strong evidence, as was the fact that the rangers openly displayed the head for so many months after the battle. Finally, the reward was paid by a satisfied government, and bandit depredations of any magnitude ceased for a time in the mines. Still, the rumors persisted. Always there were stories of Joaquin escaping to Mexico and living out a long life on his stolen gold. But these were rumors, only vague stories the old-timers told in the twilight of their lives.

In 1980, Frank Latta published his long-awaited biography of Joaquin Murrieta. Latta, a dedicated historian, had been gathering material since he was a young man in the 1920s. He had spent nearly 60 years on his Murrieta project, time after time delaying


WILL BE
EXHIBITED
FOR ONE DAY ONLY!
AT THE STOCKTON HOUSE!
THIS DAY, AUG. 12, FROM 9 A. M., UNTIL 6 P. M.
THE HEAD
Of the renowned Bandit!
JOAQUIN!
AND THE
HAND OF THREE FINGERED JACK!
THE NOTORIOUS ROBBER AND MURDERER.
"JOAQUIN" and "THREE-FINGERED JACK" were captured by the State Rangers, under the command of Capt. Harry Love, at the Arroya Cantina, July 24th. No reasonable doubt can be entertained in regard to the identification of the head now on exhibition, as being that of the notorious robber, Joaquin Murrieta, as it has been recognized by hundreds of persons who have formerly seen him.

Author's Collection

This poster advertising the exhibition of Murrieta's head and the hand of Three-Fingered Jack was being posted just weeks after the bandits' demise.

publication as he sought to close stubborn information gaps. As late as 1976, he had written this writer that he was still checking details to make sure the chronology and timing of his narrative were correct. "Now everything seems in the clear and we can go ahead," he noted. Finally the book was published. It made startling revelations, although it turned out to be more of a travelogue and pictorial compendium of information than a legitimate biography.

Latta's most interesting revelation — something hinted at many times over the years — was that Murrieta had not been killed at Cantua Creek after all, but that his horse handler, an Indian named Chappo, had been killed in his stead. The real outlaw leader, it seems, had been killed a short time later and secretly buried by his family. Chappo's death, and resulting immortality, had been revealed to Latta by an ancient member of Joaquin's gang whom Latta had interviewed in the early 1930s. Avelino Martinez had arrived at Cantua Creek after the rangers left and had helped bury the bodies. He told a convincing story.

Three-Fingered Jack and a dozen-or-so of his men were camped down on Cantua Creek, while Martinez, Joaquin Carillo,

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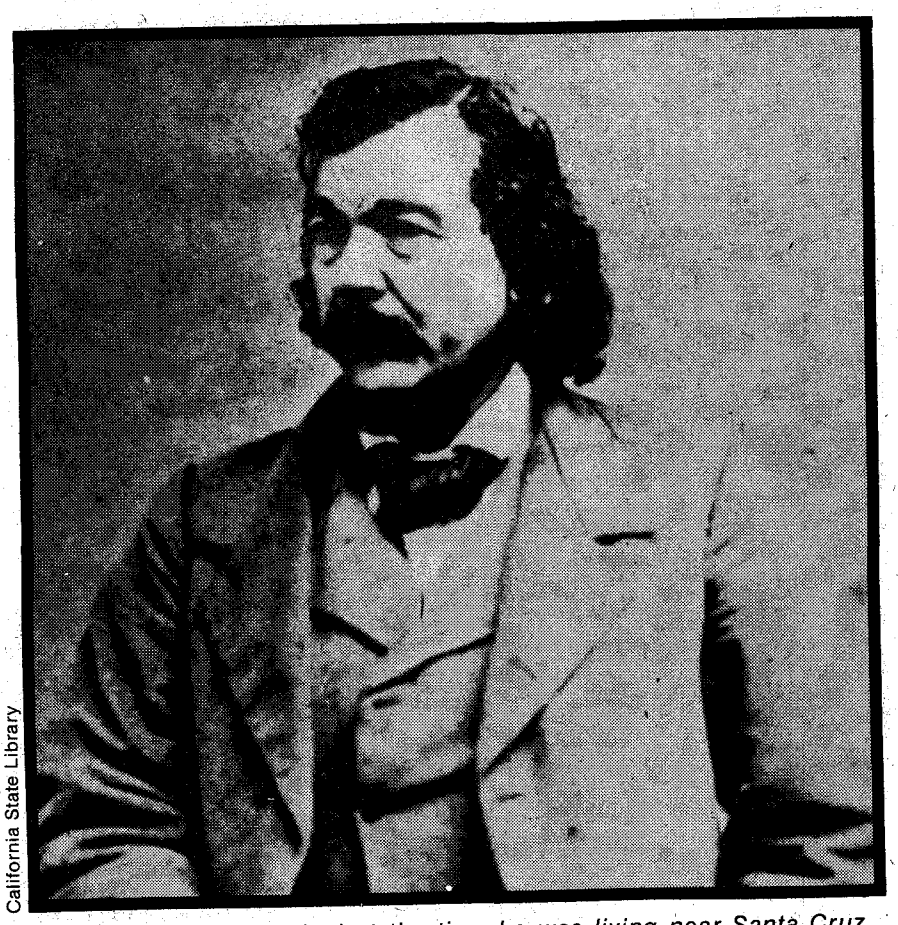

California State Library

Harry Love as he looked at the time he was living near Santa Cruz, California. Because he was killed in a trivial, drunken shooting scrape, he has been labeled a brute and a coward. Nothing could be further from the truth, but just who he and rangers killed that hot July morning in 1853 will probably be argued about forever.

Joaquin Murrieta, and several others camped several miles away and higher up in the hills. On the afternoon after the fight a rider rode furiously into the Murrieta camp, shouting that everyone had been killed at the lower camp in a fight with soldiers (Love's men). Many of the bandits were related and anxious to know what happened, but they knew better than to plunge right down the mountain. After carefully surveying the surrounding country with a spyglass, the outlaws proceeded cautiously down to the lower hills and camped within several miles of the battle site. Here they spent the night and again carefully scanned the surrounding country. The following day they proproceeded to the camp of the worst *bandito*.

There were about eight bodies scattered about the camp, according to Martinez. "The corpses were easy to find," he told Latta in his extremely broken English. "We just went from one bunch of buzzards to another." Three-Fingered Jack was found about a mile south of camp with both his head and hand missing. Martinez knew most of the dead men and noted the body of an Indian named Chappo who had been horse handler for Murrieta. Chappo's head was also missing, but Martinez claimed to have recognized him from a silver belt buckle and his clothes. Having no tools with them, the party was forced to bury the bodies by caving creek banks in on them, Murrieta assisting in the interments. Then the outlaws hastily dispersed in all directions.

As corroboration of the Martinez story, Latta quoted descriptions of the head by people who had claimed to have seen it as that of a typical California Indian: very dark in complexion, inky-black straight hair, and dark eyes. Latta had visited Mexico many times, had interviewed Murrieta descendants, and obtained contemporary descriptions of the noted bandit. All evidence dictated that Murrieta was tall and handsome, with a light beard and mustache and light-brown wavy hair worn long. He was light complexioned, with blue eyes, the Spanish clearly predominating in his heritage. The many photographs of Murrieta descendants in the Latta book show a fair-skinned people, many of whom are blonds, giving added authority to the descriptions of the bandit as one who could, and often did, pass for an *anglo*.

Latta's book is a rich collection of oral history and research and will be the starting place for any Murrieta biography in the future. His long career and dedication give added importance to his conclusions and revelations. Still, there are aspects to his story that can bear a closer look, particularly this Chappo business.

Again and again in his book, Latta gives descriptions of the bottled head as being that of a dark-complexioned, coarse, thick-lipped Indian with black, straight hair as described to him by people who supposedly had seen it. This, together with the Martinez story, is the primary evidence that Joaquin Murrieta was not killed at the fight on Cantua Creek and that another was beheaded in his place — either by mistake or design! Clearly the descriptions of the real Murrieta, the physical characteristics of his descendants, and Latta's descriptions of the head in a bottle are at variance. But before we get carried away with this new theory and evidence, let's go back to the beginning.

The first outsider to see the head of Joaquin was a man named Sam Bishop, an employee of an Indian farm on the San Joaquin River. He was operating a ferry that blistering hot day in July when rangers John Sylvester and Bill Byrnes galloped up and yelled that they wanted to be taken across the river. They had a bundle with them, and when they reached a reservation building and Bishop poured them a drink, they showed him the battle trophies — two heads and the hand of Three-Fingered Jack. "I quickly recognized the repulsive features of Three-Fingered Jack," recalled Bishop, "...the features of the other face were very light in complexion for a Mexican and I recognized it as the head of a

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dashing and handsome young man whom I had often seen riding around the vicinity of the reservation. I never suspected that he was the famous desperado — his features were very regular and somewhat pleasing..."

This statement is very important. Not only was Bishop the first to see the head after the battle, but he was employed at the time, teaching Indians how to use farm equipment. Further, he was married to an Indian woman. Certainly Bishop would have known if the head was that of an Indian and said so!

The dramatic encounter on Cantua Creek was first noted in a dispatch to the Stockton *San Joaquin Republican*:

"Headwaters of the San Joaquin, Fort Miller, July 26th. As an express is going to start from these diggings I hasten to inform you of the death of Joaquin, the robber, who has been such a curse in the country for some time. Captain Byrnes, one of the rangers, and Mr. Sylvester arrived here yesterday evening with the heads of Joaquin and one of his band ... whom they captured about 140 miles from here. The remainder of the party are expected here this evening with two prisoners. Captain Byrnes has preserved the heads in spirits in order that they may be the more readily recognized. ...thermometer 115 degrees in the shade.

Careless"

After Love and his men regrouped on the San Joaquin, they moved north to Mariposa and Quartzburg, where they obtained numerous affidavits from people who claimed to have known the bandit chief. The affidavits do not describe the head, but it has often been claimed that they were mostly given by people anxious to identify what they knew was a bogus head so as to take the pressure off the real Joaquin who had escaped. This argument becomes rather thin when it is considered that some of the affidavits are by *anglos* who seemingly would have no such motives.

From Quartzburg the rangers rode west over to Stockton where the first important display of the head would take place in mid-August. The head and hand were put on exhibition at the Stockton House, where large crowds filed past the ghastly containers. The *Stockton Journal* published what was perhaps the first brief description of the head on August 12, 1853:

"The Head of Joaquin — This trophy was on display yesterday in company with the hand of 3-fingered Jack and attracted considerable crowds to its inspection. Capt. Love will send them below this evening and in the meantime he will return to his post at the head of the rangers. The head does not appear natural, being discolored by the blood that has settled in the face and about the mouth. It is readily recognized, however, by those who knew the bandit, by the scar that marks the right cheek..."

The first detailed account of the rangers' movements, the fight on the Cantua, and the death of Joaquin appeared in this same issue of the newspaper. Ranger Lieutenant Patrick Connor was in town with Love, and either of these men could have given the interview. Included in the account was what was probably the first public description of the head. It is important to remember that this description was published at the same time the head was being displayed. It doesn't make any sense that an Indian's head would be on display and not described as such by the newspaper reporter. The following is just that portion of the article dealing with the identity and description of the head:

"Now in reference to the identification of the head of Joaquin Muriatta (sic). He was well known in Mariposa County and was seen by several persons at the desperate affray at Ornitas (Hornitos). John Green, Henry C. Long, Pedro Manka, Jose Maria Vaga,Stephen Bond, Lusan Banta, Juliet G.Sharp and Mr. Byrnes all have made oath that they know Joaquin Muriatta. However, many

Author's Collection

This portrait of Joaquin Murrieta appeared in an 1895 issue of the ***Overland Monthly*** *magazine. It was labeled as being drawn directly from the head preserved in alcohol, by an artist named Boeringer. This drawing is amazingly similar to the earliest contemporary descriptions of the head. No photograph of the head is known to exist.*

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persons in Calaveras and Tuolumne Counties will be able to recognize his features. Joaquin Muriatta was a young man between twenty-two and twenty-three years of age, of light complexion, rather well made, and gentlemanly in his manner, He was as sprightly as a cat. He had a keen, penetrating blue eye, very heavy eye-brows, light brown hair which is inclined to be curly. He had a small scar on the right cheek..."

The evidence here is unmistakable. Contemporary press accounts and reports by people who first saw the head all agree that the head was that of a light-skinned, brown-haired young man who had no characteristics of an Indian. When the head was taken to San Francisco and exhibited at King's saloon later in the month, the trophy was again viewed by large crowds. A description published in the San Francisco *Herald* tallies almost exactly with the other first reports:

"The head itself is in a complete state of preservation and bears the impress of his character in every feature and lineament. It is that of a man about the middle size, apparently between twenty and twenty-five years old. The forehead is high and well developed, the cheekbones elevated and prominent and the mouth indicative at once of sensuality, cruelty and firmness. The hair, of a beautiful light brown with a golden tint, is long and flowing, the nose high and straight and the eyebrows which meet in the middle, dark and heavy. The eyes, now closed in death, are said to have been dark blue, with a keen, restless glance and when excited a glare of ferocity like that of an infuriated tiger. The face tapers off to a chin upon which, and on the upper lip, there is a thin beard like that of a young man who had never shaved. Under his right eye there is a small scar, the mark no doubt of some desperate conflict..."

Although the newsman is obviously doing all he can to liven up his story, the basic description is again the same — not that of a dark, black-haired Indian, but of a fair-skinned, brown-haired young man.

On August 27th, Love was in Benecia where he presented Governor John Bigler with his evidence. If some were not satisfied that the right man had been taken, Bigler was. He presented Love with the reward check for $1,000 and promised to do what he could to sweeten the pot, since no stolen gold had been recovered. The following year, an additional $5,000 was voted for the rangers by the legislature. Love had meanwhile mustered his men out of service on August 28, 1853.

Clear evidence that the head was other than that of an Indian was Love's continued exhibition of his trophy throughout the gold-rush country. If he was indeed trying to pass off a bogus head of some kind, would he have continued this gruesome exhibition throughout an area where the bandit was so well known? It just doesn't make any sense.

In September, Love headed north where he exhibited the head at Marysville. He was still charging one dollar for admission and felt constrained to explain matters to a reporter for the local *Herald:*

"...The object in this exhibition is not to represent a bloody trophy, not yet for the accumulation of money; and with regard to this matter it is well to remark that the whole matter had been rather a source of expense than of profit to the gallant company from the beginning to end. The Rangers received but $150 per month; and out of this were expected to provide for themselves and animals. ...The object of the exhibition is simply to let it become fully known and established that the much dreaded assassin and robber is at last captured and slain..."

From Marysville Love went to Nevada City and Grass Valley, and by mid-October was showing his prize in Columbia. The *Gazette* called attention to what was becoming increasingly obvious: that an area where Joaquin was widely known was no place to exhibit a bogus head:

"Joaquin was probably better known here than any other section of California, having long resided in this vicinity. A number of Mexicans and Americans recognized the head upon first sight. Among the number... was a Mexican who had known him in the State of Sonora, Mexico, from boyhood, and had been his partner in this vicinity. A number of the Chinese who had seen him in his forays against their countrymen in Calaveras recognized the head instantly, and gave certificates to that effect."

A dispatch to a San Francisco newspaper reported that the stagecoach from Mokelumne Hill had been fired on two nights in a row — October 22 and 23rd. Luckily there were no passengers in the coach, but Joaquin's head was reported to have been aboard both nights, and it was suspected that members of his gang were trying to regain possession of their chief's head.

Love himself quickly tired of the exhibition business. He was undoubtedly anxious to get on with his life. He traveled east in June of 1854, but returned and was surveying a road from San Jose to Stanislaus County that November. Later he bought a sawmill near Santa Cruz. He would have been glad to write a finish to the whole Joaquin adventure, but he heard the stories and innuendos in the newspapers — the sly remarks that belch forth from disgruntled sources in all such cases. And he was tired of it. So far as he knew, he had gotten the right man. There was no doubt in his mind. Only once more did he let the Joaquin episode intrude into his life.

In early March of 1855, a letter printed in the *Alta* noted that Joaquin had not really been killed at all and was still alive and in the south. Love could have passed this up, but when the writer made a comment about the ex-ranger captain "thirsting" for the reward money, a response was published a few days later:

"Mr. Editor: I observed in your issue of the 24th, inst, a letter from San Ramon signed 'H', in which he ('H') asserts that the notorious Joaquin Murieta

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Author's Collection

A view of Cantua Creek as it looks today, in the general area where the fight took place.

was alive, and had just returned from Sonora with eleven men, well-armed & etc. and was going to the upper country to revenge the death of a poor devil called Gregorio Lopez, who, having some slight resemblance to him and fallen a victim to Love's thirst for the reward offered for his (Murrieta's) head. Now, this is to state to the said 'H', whoever he may be, that Harry Love knew Joaquin Murieta and *knows* he is dead —which fact is certified to by some of the most reliable men in the state — and that Harry Love never thirsted for the reward offered for Murieta's head, and is ready to answer for his intentions to 'H' or anyone else.

Harry Love"

The final bit of evidence that Joaquin, or certainly someone other than an Indian, had been killed at Cantua Creek was the prisoner that had been taken. Antonio Lopez and Jose Ochovo had been tied to their horses and were returning to the settlements with the rangers, when both Lopez and his horse drowned while crossing a slough. Ochovo continued the journey and at Mariposa was placed in jail.

Writing an account of recent events to Governor Bigler from Quartzburg on August 4th, Love stated that "There is not the least doubt that the head now in my possession is that of the noted Joaquin Muriatta, the chief and leader of the murderers and robbers of Calaveras, Mariposa and other parts of the state. The prisoner now in jail in Mariposa acknowledged such to be the fact to the authorities of Mariposa County..."

Ochovo had indeed "sang." His revelations were noted again in a document stating that he had appeared before a justice court in Mariposa, where he admitted being a member of Joaquin's band and that the head was indeed that of the noted bandit. The prisoner was escorted to Benecia by ranger William Howard who deposited him in the jail at Martinez for safekeeping.

Ochovo, 23 years of age, perhaps hadn't been with the gang long enough to adapt to their code. If captured, you didn't "talk." Antonio Lopez knew that. Ochovo's fate was chronicled in the Los Angeles *Star* in September of 1853:

"The prisoner taken by Love's rangers at the time of the death of Joaquin was placed in jail at Martinez for safekeeping. On the 4th instant, the jailer found his prison empty and the body of the prisoner hanging to the limb of a neighboring tree. This act is supposed to have been committed by Mexicans who were fearful that he was about to make important disclosures in relation to the various bands of horse thieves who are now committing depredations in various parts of the state..."

Very little is ever known about lynch mobs, and there is no evidence that Ochovo was indeed hanged by his own kind. There was no denying, however, that he had "talked." Newspaper accounts of the gang's movements at the time could only have come from him, and he was quoted in Harry Love's official report and in various press accounts as having identified the captured head. Who knew what he might say next? From a security point of view, it would indeed seem likely that Ochovo might be taken out of circulation by gang members. Certainly this was the general thought at the time.

In recapping, we still don't know for sure if Murrieta was killed that hot July morning by Love and his rangers. Evidence suggests, however, that they had at the least secured the head of a young Mexican who fit his description and was certainly traveling in bad company.

It seems equally certain that the head was not that of an Indian, as maintained by historian Latta. A careful reading of one of Latta's interviews with Avelino Martinez seems to refute his own story. Martinez states at one point that Chappo "cut his hair square off, just below the collar." None of the head descriptions mention this "Dutch Boy"-type haircut. Such a distinguishing mark of identification would certainly have been mentioned by one of the early observers!

There are still many missing pieces to the puzzle. Perhaps the head turned dark and changed characteristics in its long sojourn in a bottle filled with alcohol. The head spent 40-odd years in Dr. Jordon's San Francisco museum. There were other heads there. Perhaps, in some way, the Murrieta head was exchanged for an Indian head at some point and no one ever caught the exchange. Who knows?

As important as is Latta's Murrieta biography, much work remains to be done. For serious historians the subject of just who died that day on Cantua Creek is yet to be solved. So far as this writer is concerned, however, it was definitely not an Indian. RW

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New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

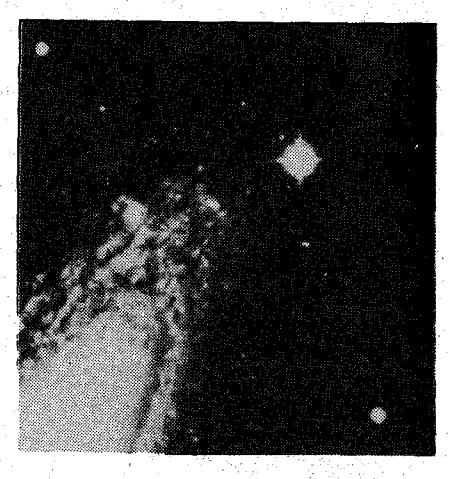
IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of



contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading *mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a* writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

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"Let Me Give You, In Less Than 5 Minutes, Three Foods Which Can Almost Miraculously Cause You To Eat Away Sexual Problems—"

THESE ARE THE THRILLING WORDS, DEAR FRIEND—

of Dr. Marsh Morrison . . . but they are just the beginning! Because, if you suffer from the emotional strain and drain and embarrassment of continued "low-scale" sexual performance—or even actual impotence itself—then you must read and even memorize every one of his following words:

"Does being impotent mean to you the inability to get and maintain an erection? Even if this is true right now, you may be astonished to know that you are NOT physically impotent!"

"How can I say this? Because if you ever—but ever—rise out of bed with a morning erection, then you most certainly have the physical equipment for an erection when and where you wish it."

Even If It Happens Once In A Blue Moon, THE POWER IS THERE!

"The great thing that has worked in my practice will doubtlessly work for you also, unless you are different from almost any other man I know—*and you are not!*"

"So Realize That YOU HAVE WHAT IS NEEDED To Be Fully COMPETENT In The Act!"

What you need, says Dr. Morrison, are three simple, at-home aids that *"have been known to work wonders in rebuilding and restoring health in disorders of the male sexaual apparatus!"* These are:

1. Three common and inexpensive foods, described below.
2. A quick and easy way to *unblock* the nerves which convey power to your sex organs. AND
3. How to overcome psychological impotence: An ingenious 5-minute trick, given to you on page 32 to 38 of this great new Report, that (combined with the foods that fairly eat away your impotence) "will, in the vast majority of cases, *cause you to walk the earth lordly and securely in the world of sex!*"

Now Let Us Look At The Foods Themselves! There Are Only 3 Of Them! They Cost Only Pennies A Day! But, Dr. Morrison Says That Once You Eat Them, You Are FUELED For Sex!

These, he says quite bluntly, are the three individual food items *that tend to reverse impotency, and bring back normal potency!* They are actually "helpful in *rebuilding weak sex organs,* because of their high content of organic iron, *the mineral that gives strength!*" Furthermore, he has conducted startling research that has convinced him that just one of them alone has "a *lasting influence* on upgrading man's virility, and, in ways unknown, but clearly observed, *regenerate and revitalize the sex organs!*"

In Fact, Says Dr. Morrison, Even If Your Doctor Has Prescribed Testosterone For Your Impotence TRY THE ONE SIMPLE FOOD GIVEN TO YOU ON PAGE 64 INSTEAD!

In fact, he goes on, "I challenge the whole idea of any human need for drug-prescribing. For emergencies or first-aid, yes. But for achieving and stimulating cures, no! And for reversing the symptoms of impotency, or reducing swollen prostate glands, *never!* The natural ways must first be tried. Almost without exception they help the sufferer. *And always they are natural, without any side effects at all!*"

AND FINALLY: "If you search for aphrodisiacs to aid your condition, they don't. They are merely other drugs that invariably do harm. But, instead of tincture of cantharides or the like, *just remember that it is an overload* of (the bonus foods given you on page 49) that, in human terms, serves *with an aphrodisiac effect!* If you care to prove it, merely consume (a meal of these foods), and then note how eager you are for sexual encounter!"

But This Is Just The Beginning! Because, Says Dr. Morrison, At The Same Time That You Are Eating Away Your Impotence, YOU ARE ALSO EATING AWAY YOUR URINARY AND PROSTATE PROBLEMS!

For, he says, "In research projects where (just one of the ingredients found in just *one* of these three wonder foods) was given to prostate gland cases, *with nothing else by way of treatment used,* a dramatic majority of these patients showed reduced symptoms of enlarged prostate . . . a more complete emptying of the urinary bladder in nearly all of the patients . . . less tiredness and an increased libido, which showed itself in a higher sex urge . . . a complete end to dribbling of urine in almost all the cases . . . and, in some two-thirds of the patients, there was *an end* to getting up at night to void urine!"

And then he goes on to amass case history after case history—each one more startling than the other: "It has been discovered that three of the essential amino acids resident in the natural proteins can *all by themselves* rather spectacularly reduce enlarged prostate glands . . ."

AND FURTHERMORE: "Among the peasants of Balkan countries and the Gypsy tribes of Transylvania, Hungary, Rumania, there is the startling fact that *enlargement of the prostate gland does not exist, or nearly so* . . . All these peasant and mountain people eat (this food) every day the way we use popcorn or chewing gum." In fact, he goes on to say that "some researchers believe (these foods) do their magic *because they contain a natural male hormone that is needed for good sexual performance!*" "Any wonder (they) present prostate gland enlargement, *and can be called 'the specific' for combatting impotence in the average man!*"

AND, AS AN EXTRA BONUS: "One eminent research worker (Dr. B. Plater) wrote in the *Journal of Healing and Seasoning Plants* that: 'Anyone who has studied the influence of this plant . . . among peasant people *has been astonished over its effect in putting off the advent of old age!*"

AND FINALLY: If you rise frequently at night, you will find that the method on page 48 *exceeds in results* anything the medical savants can offer you out of their vast pharmacopeia—*and with no side effects!*"

These, Then, Are The Fundamental Promises Dr. Morrison Offers To Prove To You, Without Your Risking A Penny! BUT HE ALSO GIVES YOU, AT THE SAME TIME, ALL THESE BONUS BENEFITS—

The three different kinds of *baths*—two calculated to help impotence *directly,* and one designed to improve the general health of the nerves! Easy and simple *exercises to strengthen the sex parts!* One found by him to be so effective that "in a little while you should be able to feel, and see, *your own sex organ coming out and up by force of your own muscular control!*" The delicious mixture of natural foods that not only helps strengthen the sex drive, *but is also often recommended by Dr. Morrison for quick relief of arthritic symptoms!*

PLUS: A special way to reduce or even eliminate cholesterol from the body (page 24)! The delicious "sex food" that has also helped relieve or eliminate the symptoms of leg cramps . . . shaking palsy . . . eye disturbances . . . and mental dullness caused by clogging of the arteries (page 26)! Plus food after food that assists in restoring health in cases of eczema . . . sleeplessness . . . epilepsy . . . bursitis . . . anemia . . . and ailments of the liver, kidneys and digestive organs (pages 26 through 31)!

No Wonder He Says That "The Aim Of This Program Is Not Just Merely To Get Rid Of All Reversible Sexual Problems—Including Impotency, Prostate Problems AND Urinary Problems—BUT ACHIEVING HEALTH, HEALTH, HEALTH . . . NOT DISEASE, BUT HEALTH!"

Dr. Morrison's complete *How To Eat Away Your Impotence* method has now been released in a special condensed Confidential Report to those who need its help so desperately! This report has purposefully been made brief enough to read through, from cover to cover, in a single weekend. So that you do not have to wade through 300 useless pages to get its health-restoring information! But, as he says in his own words: "You have (here) what is the equivalent to the meaty essence of perhaps 100 scientific, technical volumes—plus the bonus of my own original researches!" The cost of this complete Confidental Report is a mere fraction of what you would ordinarily spend to treat all these maladies.

You can read it in a single weekend—put its remarkable principles to work for you the same night you first pick it up! You have absolutely nothing to lose—except pain, embarrassment and poor health! Examine it for 30 full days—at our risk! Fair enough? Why not mail the No-Risk Coupon now!

MARSH MORRISON
D.C., Ph.C., F.I.C.C.

He has been recognized by his profession, as one of its most prominent leaders, for decades! His teachings have been hailed, in print, by hundreds of chiropractors. Thousands of chiropractors have flocked to hear him during his lecture tours in 35 major cities of the United States—plus other world capitals.

Chiropractic doctors have repeatedly and gladly paid $60 to $120, just to attend one week-end seminar with him. Some of them, unable to attend, have paid $15, simply for a 20-page copy of his lecture notes.

Now Marsh Morrison has decided that teaching chiropractors how to take away pain . . . how to start natural healing again—*is just not enough!* Despite the vast good that all these dedicated men and women do all over America, *there are still millions of people who are not reached by them! And they should have the right to benefit from these secrets too!*

WHAT CHIROPRACTORS SAY ABOUT MARSH MORRISON, D.C., Ph.C., F.I.C.C.

"To say your work is marvelous is really an understatement. I have been in practice 20 years and wish this knowledge had been available sooner."
—Dr. H. J. Bates, Enid, Oklahoma

"In forty-seven years as a chiropractor I have invested much money and time for techniques and consider Dr. Morrison's the most practical and more effective than all others combined."
—Dr. Elmer B. Shipley, Terre Haute, Indiana

"The quintessence of Chiropractic knowledge. For years I've searched for more ways of helping more sick people get well faster. This weekend my dream and desire has become an actuality."
—Frederick Doughty—Beck, D.C., New Orleans, La.

"I, myself, received immediate relief of chronic symptoms."
—Dr. Jeanne Gale, D.C., Phoenix, Arizona

"Have had 20 years in Physical Medicine . . . 15 years in chiropractic. Have taken every course. But this is absolutely the greatest."
—V. J. Puarlea, D.C., Vancouver, Wash.

"After having used Dr. Morrison's technique for over 6 months, I can, and do, strongly recommend it to every doctor in our profession."
—Dr. Arnold C. Sikes, Concord, N.C.

"The techniques are very simple, but effective . . . nothing short of magic. Dr. Morrison, you truly are one of the 'Chiropractic Greats.'"
—Dr. Kern Chester, Paragould, Ark.

"Your techniques are immediately effective, almost like magic, and can be learned right away. I am a far better chiropractor than before . . ."
Dr. John Herman, Chicago, Ill.

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Gunfighters Of The Real West:

John Wesley Hardin

by Jack DeMattos

Acknowledged by most "historians" as being the killer champ of all the gunfighters of the real west, John Wesley Hardin has routinely been credited with between forty and forty-four homicides.

How many men did he really kill?

The most honest answer is, we still don't know. We do know that he claimed twenty-seven victims at the time of his 1877 capture — but Hardin would boost that number by at least nine more in an autobiography written many years later.

In trying to condense Hardin's biography into this brief format, the result becomes a catalog of seemingly mindless killing. Apologists for Hardin claim that he had to "kill or be killed," but when the smoke from his many shootouts drifts away, we are left with the impression of a man who, quite often, killed just for the sake of killing.

John Wesley Hardin was born on May 26, 1853, in Bonham, Fannin County, Texas. He was the second of eight children born to a circuit-riding Methodist preacher named James Gipson Hardin and his wife, Mary Elizabeth Dixon. The other Hardin children consisted of Joseph G. (1850-1874), Elizabeth (1855-?), Martha (1857-1949), Benjamin (1859-1868), Jeff D. (1861-?), Nannie (1866-?), and Barnet G. (1874-?).

James Gipson Hardin also studied law and was admitted to the Texas bar in 1861. The following year, James Hardin moved his large family to Livingston, Polk County, Texas, where he taught school and practiced law.

During 1865, the family moved to Sumpter, Trinity County, Texas. In later years, Hardin claimed that he did very well in the local school system, but also acknowledged that his extracurricular activities included stabbing — and seriously wounding — a schoolmate named Charles Sloter during 1867. Hardin claimed that he was acquitted by the local court; however, the family considered it advisable to return to Polk County.

Fifteen-year-old "Wes" (as he was usually called) Hardin killed his first man during November 1868. The victim was a black man (whom Hardin recalled as "Mage") who worked on a plantation near Moscow, Texas.

"To be tried at that time for the killing of a Negro meant certain death at the hands of a court backed by Northern bayonets," Hardin recalled in his autobiography, "hence my father told me to keep in hiding until that good time when the Yankee bayonet should cease to govern."

Within a week, three soldiers approached the house where Wes was hiding. During the skirmish that followed, Hardin supposedly managed to kill all three.

"Thus it was that by the fall of 1868 I had killed four men and was myself wounded in the arm," Hardin wrote long afterward. "Parties in the neighborhood of the last fight took the soldiers' horses, and as we burned all their effects, everything was kept quiet."

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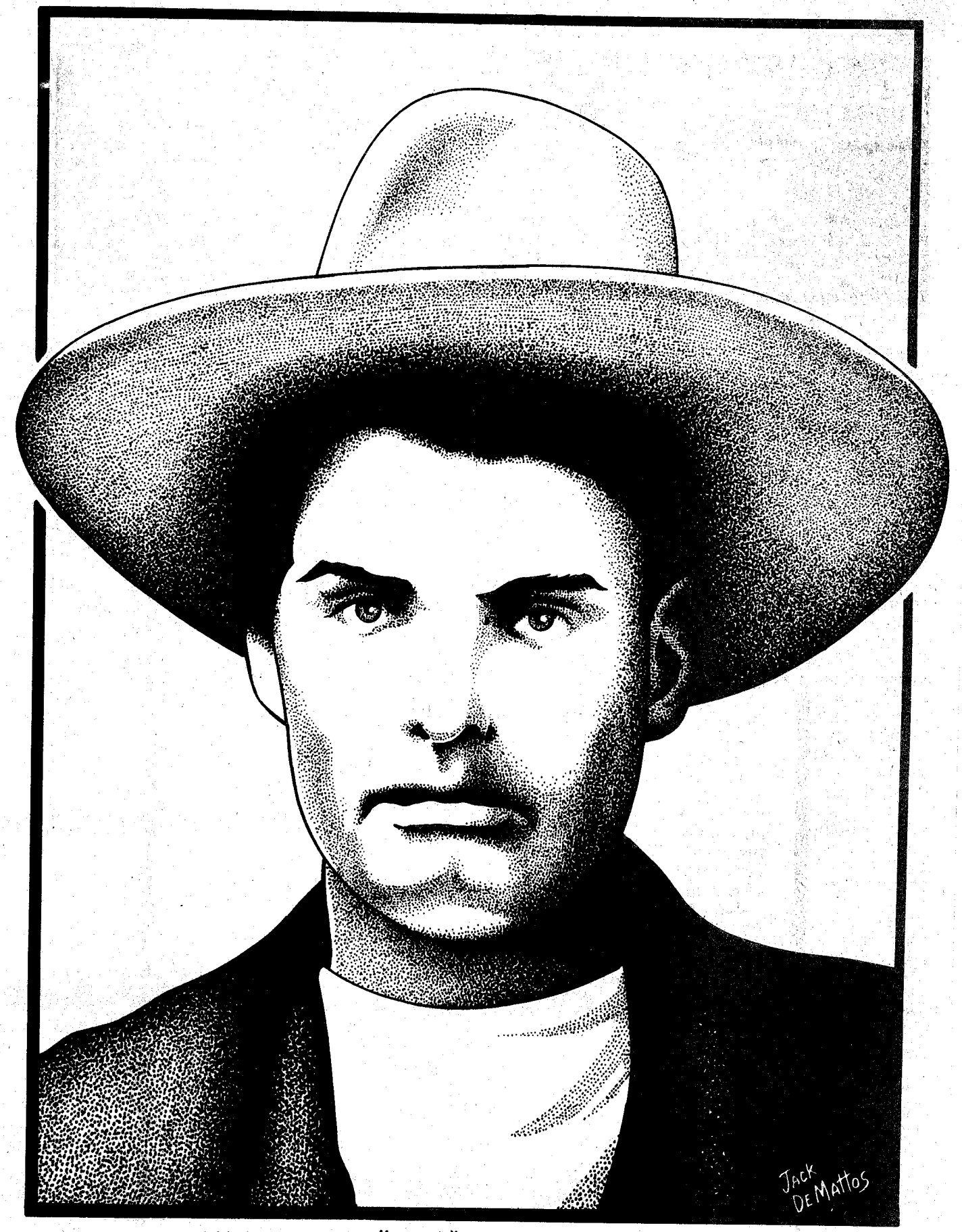

JOHN WESLEY "WES" HARDIN (1853 – 1895)

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Wes went to Pisga, Navarro County, Texas, during January 1869, where he "engaged in school-teaching" for three months. The academic life proved far too tame for Hardin when he began hanging around with a cousin named Simp Dixon (1850-1869), a member of the recently-formed Ku Klux Klan. On one occasion Wes and Simp supposedly ran up against a squad of Union soldiers. Hardin described the outcome this way:

"When the battle was over two soldiers lay dead. Simp killed one and I killed the other, while the rest escaped."

If this account is accurate, sixteen-year-old Wes Hardin had killed his fifth man — and it would not be long before he added to the list.

On December 24, 1869, Hardin shot and killed his sixth victim, Jim Bradley, during a poker game in Towash, Texas. Although a posse later cornered him, Hardin managed to escape.

Hardin returned to Pisga; on January 20, 1870, he left there to visit with his uncle in Brenham, Texas. On the way, Hardin supposedly had some trouble with a circus roustabout in Horn Hill, Texas. This unfortunate circus worker became Hardin's seventh victim when Wes resolved his problem by appealing his case to "Judge Colt."

After leaving Horn Hill, Hardin stopped at Kosse, Texas, where a local girl caught his fancy. Wes promptly had a run-in with a fellow claiming to be the girl's jealous boyfriend, and Hardin settled the matter by shooting his alleged eighth victim between the eyes.

Wes finally reached his uncle's farm near Brenham and began sampling the nearby town's night life. Later Hardin journeyed to Evergreen, Texas, where he met his closest competitor among Texas killers: Bill Longley. The two rival gunmen did not hit it off.

By now Hardin had become a much-wanted fugitive. During Janury 1871, he was arrested by two members of the hated Texas State Police in a restaurant in Longview,Texas. He was to be jailed at Waco, but along the way he got the drop on one of his guards, Jim Smolley, whom he shot and killed. The hapless Smolley became Hardin's ninth victim.

Following this latest killing, Hardin decided to high-tail it for Mexico. Along the way he was arrested by three men "calling themselves police" whom Hardin identified only as "Smith, Jones and Davis." That night, Hardin managed to catch his captors off guard and kill all three. This brought the seventeen-year-old killer's total to twelve — by his count.

On January 12, 1871, Wes returned home to tell what had to be the world's most understanding father of his latest homicides. Once again, the senior Hardin advised his son to flee — and once again, Wes took the advice. This time Wes made it as far as Gonzales, Texas, where he joined his cousins — Mannen, Jim, Joe, and Gip Clements — on a cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail to the railhead at Abilene, Kansas.

On March 1, 1871, Wes and Jim Clements left with a herd of 1,200 cattle bound for Abilene. They were followed by another herd in charge of Mannen, Gip, and Joe Clements. During the long drive Wes supposedly killed two Indians in separate encounters — bringing his total to fourteen men killed.

Yet the killing had hardly begun on that event-filled drive up the Chisholm Trail. When Wes and his fellow cowboys were crowded by a Mexican herd, the incident ended in violence. Wes reported the outcome of the fight that he and Jim Clements had with the *vaqueros* this way:

"In comparing notes after the fight we agreed that I had killed five of the six dead Mexicans."

Assuming Hardin's tally is truthful, he had now accounted for nineteen victims.

Wes and his companions reached Abilene on a date he later recalled as June 1, 1871 — although it was probably earlier. Whatever the case, Wes was in Abilene by that date and soon afterward had an *alleged* confrontation with Marshal James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok. According to Hardin, he managed to get the drop on Hickok when the latter ordered him to surrender his weapons.

Since no contemporary evidence has been found to substantiate Hardin's claim, there is no way to determine whether the alleged encounter happened or not. Because of this, the story — not surprisingly — is denounced by Hickok's supporters and embraced by Hardin fans and Hickok debunkers.

According to his autobiography, Hardin killed his twentieth victim while he was in "a restaurant" in Abilene. Latter-day "historians" have identified the location as being the "Lone Star Cafe" and the victim as a "muleskinner." Hardin's description of the event consisted of the following:

"He fired one shot and ran, but I shot at him as he started, the ball hitting him in the mouth, knocking out several teeth and coming out behind his left ear."

On July 5, 1871, a friend of Hardin's named William M. Cohron was killed by a Mexican herder whom Hardin later identified as "Bideno." According to Hardin, he was appointed a deputy sheriff of Dickinson County, Kansas, and promptly went on the trail of Bideno.

"Bideno" was apparently shot and killed at the Southwestern Hotel in Sumner City, Kansas, on July 7, 1871 — although Hardin, years later, would recall the date as being June 29th, which was before his friend Cohron was even killed! The local press identified the victim only as someone "supposed to be a Mexican" and his killer as a man named "Conway." If "Conway" was actually Hardin, he had now accounted for a possible twenty-first victim — and number twenty-two would follow within a month. Hardin recalled that alleged twenty-second homicide this way:

"On the 7th of July (1871) Gip (Clements) and I had gone to our rooms in the American Hotel to retire for the night. We soon got to bed, when presently I heard a man cautiously unlock my door and slip in with a big dirk in his hand. I halted him with a shot and he ran; I fired at him again and again and he fell dead with four bullets in his body."

Once again, Hardin had confused the date and deliberately distorted the facts of the case. The killing of one Charles Couger, by Hardin, actually happened on August 6, 1871 — not July 7th. Moreover, the Abilene *Chronicle* (August 10, 1871) gave an account of the killing which was greatly at odds with Hardin's version:

"A most fiendish murder was

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perpetrated at the American House, in this place, on the night of the 6th inst. The murdered man's name was Charles Couger, and that of the murderer Wesley Clemens, alias Arkansaw. Couger was a boss cattle herder, and said to be a gentleman; Clemens is from Mississippi.

"Couger was in his room sitting upon the bed reading a newspaper. Four shots were fired at him through a board partition, one of which struck him in the fleshy part of the left arm, passing through the third rib and entering the heart, cutting a piece of it entirely off, and killing Couger almost instantly. The murderer escaped and has thus far eluded his pursuers. If caught he will probably be killed on sight."

According to Hardin's version, he was forced to flee Abilene in his underwear but still managed to get the drop on three fully-clothed lawmen who pursued him. Hardin claimed that he made the lawmen strip and walk the 35 miles back to Abilene.

Hardin had hardly returned to Texas when he got into a fight with two black Texas state policemen. Hardin killed one — with the interesting name of Green Paramore — while the other, a certain John Lackey, managed to escape. Thus, if we accept this latter-day tally, the then eighteen-year-old Wes Hardin had just chalked up his twenty-third victim.

Following this, Hardin claimed that a "posse of Negroes from Austin came down after me and I was warned of their coming. I met them prepared and killed three of them."

By Hardin's count, he had now killed twenty-six men.

Hardin took just enough time off from homicide to marry pretty Jane Bowen during March 1872. The honeymoon was brief, and Wes left his bride to rejoin what seemed to be the real love of his life — killing!

"About two months after I married," Hardin claimed that he shot "two Mexicans" in a running fight. "I never did know whether I killed both Mexicans or not," he recalled. These latest — and thus far undocumented — killings elevate Hardin's total to a possible twenty-eight by his count. Following this, Hardin returned home to his wife. It wasn't long before he grew restless and departed on a date he later recalled as being June 5, 1872.

"Nothing unusual happened on the trip except at Willis, where some fellows tried to arrest me for carrying a pistol, but they got the contents thereof instead," Hardin succinctly reported in his autobiography.

Predictably, Wes did not stay out of trouble long. On July 26, 1872 (his date), he supposedly wounded a state policeman named Sonny Spites in Hemphill, Texas.

Wes next turned up in Trinity City, Texas, where he was ambushed by one Phil Sublet in a local bowling alley on August 7, 1872. Following an operation "without opiates," Hardin was told to stay in bed for at least a month — but within eight days, Wes had to be moved out of town by friends to avoid arrest by the Texas State Police.

After being moved several times, Wes was hidden in the home of Dave Harrel in Angelina County, Texas. On September 1, 1872, two policemen came to arrest Hardin, and he claimed to have killed at least one of them. If his highly-debatable tally is accepted, Hardin had now killed a possible twenty-nine men.

Still suffering from his wounds, Hardin arranged to surrender to Sheriff Dick Reagan of Cherokee County, Texas, on September 4, 1872. While in the process of handing over his weapons, one of Reagan's deputies shot Hardin in the knee. Apparently, the nervous deputy thought that the trigger-happy Hardin was about to use his weapons.

"Thus I arrived at Rusk (Texas) about the 7th of September, 1872, with four bullet holes in me," Hardin lamented.

Hardin did not remain behind bars for long; on October 10, 1872, he broke jail at Gonzales, Texas, with the help of Mannen Clements and Bud McFadden.

In his autobiography, Hardin claimed that he then returned home where he stayed "and recuperated until January, 1873." However, during the period of his supposed recuperation — on December 15, 1872 — a man named Thomas Holderman was killed in Gonzales County, Texas. Supposedly, Holderman's killer was Hardin's brother-in-law, Brown Bowen, who would later be convicted of the crime and executed for it.

Brown Bowen proclaimed his innocence to the end, naming his brother-in-law, John Wesley Hardin, as being the actual killer of Thomas Holderman. If Bowen was telling the truth, Holderman must be included as a "possible" — bringing Hardin's total to thirty men killed.

The first of Wes Hardin's three children, a daughter named Mary Elizabeth, was born on February 6, 1873. Following the birth of his first child (whom he nicknamed "Molly"), Wes journeyed to Cuero, Texas, where he supposedly shot and killed a certain J.B. Morgan on or about April 16, 1873. According to Hardin:

> "I pulled my pistol and fired, the ball striking him just above the left eye. He fell dead. I went to the stable, got my horse and left town unmolested."

Based on all his known and possible victims, Hardin may have killed as many as thirty-one men at this point.

During this period, the celebrated Sutton-Taylor feud was going full tilt in Texas. Wes aligned himself with the Taylor faction, and on May 17, 1873, he and James C. Taylor (1851-1876) shot and killed a Sutton partisan named Jack Helm. This Albuquerque, Texas, killing brought Hardin's total to a possible thirty-two.

The following day, Wes and several members of the Taylor faction were involved in a siege at Joe Tomlinson's ranch, which dragged on for three days. Finally the opposing forces agreed to sign a truce. The war flared up again on December 27, 1873, when one Wiley Pridgen, a Taylor man, was murdered by four members of the Sutton faction at Thomaston, Texas. Once again cooler heads prevailed, and another armistice was signed.

The Sutton and Taylor forces remained docile for less than two months; when James C. Taylor shot William L. "Bill" Sutton in the arm, the feud was on again. On March 11, 1874, the Taylor forces proved to be better marksmen when Bill Sutton and Gabe Slaughter were killed by Bill and Jim Taylor aboard the steamer *Clinton* at Indianola, Texas.

Wes took a hiatus from the feud

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to celebrate his twenty-first birthday in Comanche, Texas, on May 26, 1874. On that day Hardin had an encounter with Deputy Sheriff Charles M. Webb of Brown County, Texas. Webb shot first, wounding Hardin in the side; but Hardin — assisted by Jim Taylor and William "Bud" Dixon — finished the lawman off, making Webb a possible thirty-third notch on the much-distressed gun butt of John Wesley Hardin.

The wounded Hardin surrendered to Sheriff Dave Karnes, but when a lynch mob started to gather, the sheriff advised Hardin to flee for his life. Wes didn't have to be told twice.

Following the escape of Hardin, the Texas Rangers arrested several friends and relatives of the notorious gunman. During the night of June 1, 1874, Wes's brother, Joseph G. Hardin, and two cousins, William A. "Bud" Dixon and Thomas K. Dixon, were taken from the Comanche jail by a mob and lynched. The following day, two more associates of Hardin — Alexander H. Barackman and Hamilton Anderson — were shot and killed by a squad of Texas Rangers.

Three more associates of Hardin — Rufus P. "Scrap" Taylor, A. "Kute" Tuggle, and James White — were lynched by a mob in Clinton, Texas, during the night of June 21-22, 1874. Thus the killing of Webb by Hardin and his companions had resulted in the deaths of eight of Hardin's friends and family in less than a month.

Hardin now had no alternative but to flee Texas. During July 1874, Wes sent his wife, Jane, and daughter Molly to New Orleans in the company of a friend named Henry Swain. Hardin quickly followed, and after a ten-day sojourn in New Orleans, the reunited family boarded a steamer bound for Cedar Keys, Florida.

After a short stay in Cedar Keys, Hardin (using the alias of "John Henry Swain") moved his family to Gainesville, Florida, where he purchased a saloon and grocery store from Samuel H. Burnett. Hardin didn't remain in Gainesville long. By January 1875, he had relocated in Micanopy, a small Florida town south of Gainesville, where he opened another saloon and dabbled in horse trading.

Back in Texas on January 20, 1875, Hardin became one of the most wanted criminals in the history of the Lone Star State when the Texas legislature offered "a reward of four thousand dollars for the apprehension and delivery of the body of the notorious murderer, John Wesley Hardin... within the jail house door of Travis County."

Hardin grew bored with Micanopy and, by July 1875, had relocated to Jacksonville, Florida, where he and his family took up residence at 127 Pine Street. Then, quite suddenly, Hardin left Jacksonville — shortly after the birth of his son, John Wesley Hardin, Jr., on August 3, 1875.

The reasons for Hardin's departure from Jacksonville are still shrouded in mystery. In his autobiography, Hardin claimed that he was "forced to leave by detectives having found me out." Hardin went on to claim that "Pinkerton" detectives had followed him to the Florida-Georgia line, confronted him and his friend Gus Kennedy, and that "a fight was the natural result and two of the Pinkerton gang were killed."

If this incident really happened, Hardin's total — by his autobiographical count — could have soared to as high as thirty-five possible victims. However, absolutely no evidence has been uncovered to support Hardin's claim that the men were Pinkerton detectives. A more plausible explanation is that the two alleged victims may have been Texas lawmen. Following Hardin's capture, the Atlanta (Georgia) *Daily Constitution* (September 1, 1877) recorded a conversation between Hardin and one of his captors. When asked if he knew about two Texans who had been sent to Florida to capture him and who never returned, Hardin bluntly replied that they never would return.

Hardin and his family briefly resided in Eufaula, Alabama, and moved on to the town of Pollard, where they stayed with relatives of Jane Bowen Hardin. During August 1876, Hardin and his family attempted to escape to Mexico but were stopped in Pascagoula, Mississippi, by a yellow-fever quarantine. Hardin sent his wife and two children back to Pollard, while he and Gus Kennedy went on to the port city of Mobile, to try their luck gambling.

According to his autobiography, Hardin got into a row in Mobile when the 1876 "presidential election was on." Hardin also indicated that he and "Kennedy" each killed a man on that occasion. If so, Hardin should have accounted for at least thirty-six victims by this point.

As might be expected, the contemporary records offer a somewhat different version of what actually transpired on the evening of November 7, 1876. The first account appeared in the Mobile *Register* on November 9, 1876, and stated that:

> "Sergeant Ryan, of the police force, while in the discharge of his duty was shot in the arm Tuesday night by one of three parties whom he and Officer Spencer tried to put out of a house up town. The three men were drinking and disorderly. Two of them were arrested and brought to the guard house. The third has not yet put in an appearance."

If we assume that Hardin and Kennedy were the two men arrested, it seems probable that the third man was a certain Cliff Lewis, whom Hardin recalled as being involved in the brawl. The next account of the disturbance was this excerpt from the *Register* on November 10, 1876:

> "Two parties, Swain and Kennedy...were charged with disorderly conduct and malicious mischief up town."

This brief account of "malicious mischief" would seem to indicate that neither "Swain" (Hardin) nor Kennedy was involved in a fatal shooting. But if further proof were needed, it was provided by this *Register* excerpt from November 11, 1876:

> "Gus Kennedy and J.H. Swayne (sic) were arrested for disorderly conduct on Tuesday night last, and fined $5."

The final account of Hardin's eventful trip to Mobile was contained in the *Register* of November 12, 1876, and says a lot regarding the notorious gunman's skill at cards:

> "The two sports, Swain and Gus Kennedy, who were arrested several days ago and tried upon the charge of malicious mischief, etc., and who were ordered to leave the city, left behind them, as a legacy to the police force, a pack of swindling cards, which are so marked that they could tell, from their backs, what the

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faces of the cards were."

Following the misadventure of Mobile, Gus Kennedy disappeared from the scene. Hardin returned to Pollard, Alabama, and entered the logging business with a certain Sheppard Hardy across the state line in northwest Florida. Back in Pollard, on July 15, 1877, Hardin's final child, a daughter named "Callie," was born.

It was during this period that Governor Richard B. Hubbard of Texas gave a detective named Jack Duncan the assignment of tracking Hardin down. At the same time, Hardin's brother-in-law, Brown Bowen, wanted for the December 15, 1872, murder of Thomas Holderman, had also settled in Pollard.

Historians will always wonder why Brown Bowen sought refuge in the company of the most wanted criminal in Texas, since he was only increasing the risk of his own capture. Ironically, it was Bowen himself who caused the capture of his notorious brother-in-law and insured his own destruction — simply by the act of writing a letter home!

That letter was intercepted by Jack Duncan who quickly went to Pollard and learned that the man known locally as "Swain" was in all probability the notorious John Wesley Hardin.

On August 20, 1877, Brown Bowen got into a row with William Dudley Chipley (1840-1897), who managed the Pensacola Railroad. Bowen got the worst of the row and promptly informed Chipley that he would get his brother-in-law to take care of him. According to Hardin, Bowen informed Chipley that "I was not the peaceable John Swain everybody thought I was, but I was the notorious John Wesley Hardin."

Another version of the encounter states that Hardin himself — and not Brown Bowen — was worked over by Chipley. Whatever the case, the events were set in motion that led to the capture of John Wesley Hardin.

Shortly after this incident, Jack Duncan and Texas Ranger John Barclay Armstrong (1850-1913) approached Chipley, who was more than willing to aid in Hardin's apprehension. Duncan, Armstrong, and Chipley arrived in Pensacola on August 22, 1877, where they learned that Hardin intended to take the train home to Pollard the following day.

On the afternoon of August 23, 1877, Wes Hardin and his friends Sheppard Hardy, James W. Mann (1850-1877), and Neal Campbell boarded a train in Pensacola. At the station was a welcoming committee in the form of a 25-man posse. Once Hardin and his three companions had seated themselves in the smoking car, John Barclay Armstrong gave the signal for the posse to move in.

Four members of the posse — Armstrong, William Dudley Chipley, A.J. Perdue, and Sheriff William Henry Hutchinson (1845-1911) of Escambia County, Florida — entered the smoking car. Hardin greeted Hutchinson and Perdue (who knew him as "John Swain") and was promptly seized by the lawmen. During the intense struggle that followed, Hardin was pinned by Hutchinson and knocked unconscious by Armstrong.

In the meantime, the innocent James W. Mann (who apparently had no idea what was happening) tried to escape through a train window. He was shot and instantly killed by Martin Sullivan, one of the possemen outside of the train who, in the excitement of the moment, may have mistaken Mann for Hardin. Whatever the case, Sullivan was later indicted for murder, although the outcome of his case is uncertain.

In reporting the capture, the Pensacola *Gazette* (August 30, 1877) quoted a significant remark Hardin made to his captor, Sheriff Hutchinson:

> "I have killed twenty-seven men, and if I could have got my pistol out you would have made it twenty-eight."

It is interesting that the number of victims Hardin claimed at the time of his capture was at least nine less than he would recall in an autobiography written years later. Until more extensive research is undertaken on Hardin's more obscure homicides, the best guess is that his 1877 figure of twenty-seven is probably closer to the mark than his later tally of thirty-six. Either way, it represents an awesome amount of bloodletting accomplished by one man in less than a decade.

On August 27, 1877, John Barclay Armstrong and Jack Duncan arrived in Austin, Texas, with their prisoner, John Wesley Hardin, who was promptly lodged in Travis County Jail. Among

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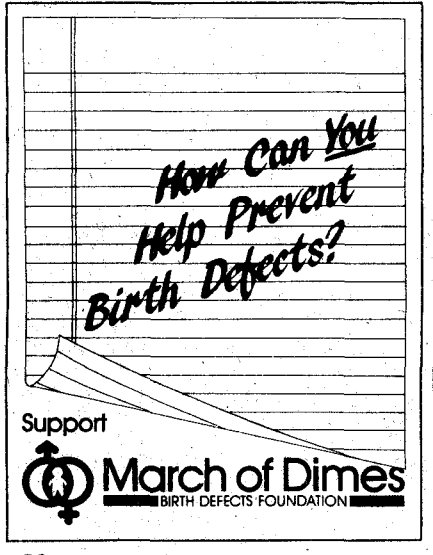

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Hardin's fellow inmates were such notables as Bill Taylor, Mannen Clements, and Johnny Ringo.

In the meantime, Brown Bowen had been arrested near Whiting, Alabama, on September 17, 1877, and extradited to Texas. After being charged with the December 15, 1872, murder of Thomas Holderman, Bowen stated that his brother-in-law, Wes Hardin, was the actual killer. Wes denied the charge emphatically, saying (in the Austin *Statesman*, April 1, 1878) that "my load is heavy enough without carrying any such a man's load as Brown Bowen's."

A jury agreed and Bowen was executed on May 17, 1878.

Wes Hardin fared much better than his unfortunate brother-in-law and was sentenced to twenty-five years at hard labor. On October 5, 1878, Hardin entered the state penitentiary at Huntsville as convict number 7109.

Wes almost immediately made plans to escape. On November 20, 1878, he and nine other prisoners were caught in the act. For his efforts, Wes was thrown into solitary for fifteen days. On December 26th Hardin was caught in another attempt, stripped naked, and given what he described as "thirty-nine lashes, the limit."

After another escape attempt failed, Hardin soon became a model prisoner. He studied theology and became — of all things — superintendent of the prison Sunday school! Around 1885, he took up the study of law.

During his long years of imprisonment, Hardin wrote frequent letters to his family. On November 2, 1890, he wrote his beloved Jane and urged her "not to lose all your good looks — save them for me." Then, during the summer of 1892, Hardin's nineteen-year-old daughter wrote him that Jane was seriously ill. Hardin wrote Molly on August 21, 1892, that "my anxiety cannot be expressed...I only wish it was possible for me to suffer in her stead."

On November 6, 1892, Jane Bowen Hardin died. She was only thirty-six.

John Wesley Hardin received a pardon and was released from Huntsville on February 17, 1894. Altogether he had served 15 years, 4 months, and 22 days behind bars at Huntsville — more than a third of his entire life. Hardin's full rights of citizenship were restored on March 16, 1894. With his slate wiped clean, and a legal education gained in prison, the future for John Wesley Hardin seemed long and prosperous...

The fact was that he had less than eighteen months to live.

Those eighteen months started promisingly enough when Hardin passed the bar exam and opened his first law office in Gonzales, Texas. But Hardin didn't last long in Gonzales; after becoming embroiled in a controversy during a local race for sheriff, he moved on to Junction, Texas, where he opened his second law office.

In Junction, Hardin married fourteen-year-old Callie Lewis on January 8, 1895. The teenaged bride abandoned her forty-one-year-old husband during the honeymoon and, from all accounts, never saw him again. The May-December marriage also caused Hardin to become estranged from his three children — all of whom were older than the bride.

Following the debacle, Hardin moved to El Paso to serve as legal counsel in a case involving the noted killer Jim Miller. The trial ended in a hung jury, but Hardin liked the looks of El Paso and decided to open his third — and final — law office there.

Business was slow until a bosomy ex-prostitute named Helen Beulah Morose wandered into Hardin's office and asked him to represent her husband, Martin. Hardin quickly lost interest in the case — but not in his client's wife.

On April 21, 1895, Hardin was in a Juarez, Mexico, saloon, accompanied by Jeff Milton and George Scarborough, when he had an encounter with a friend of Martin Morose named Tom Finnessy. Hardin was prevented from shooting Finnessy by Milton, and he had to content himself with punching out one of Finnessy's companions. Order was finally restored, and the two groups went their separate ways.

Shortly after this, George Scarborough met with Martin Morose — supposedly to arrange a meeting between Morose and his wife. Based on the evidence, however, it appears that Scarborough was actually part of a plot to kill Morose for the large sum of money he reportedly carried. The other conspirators probably included Jeff Milton,

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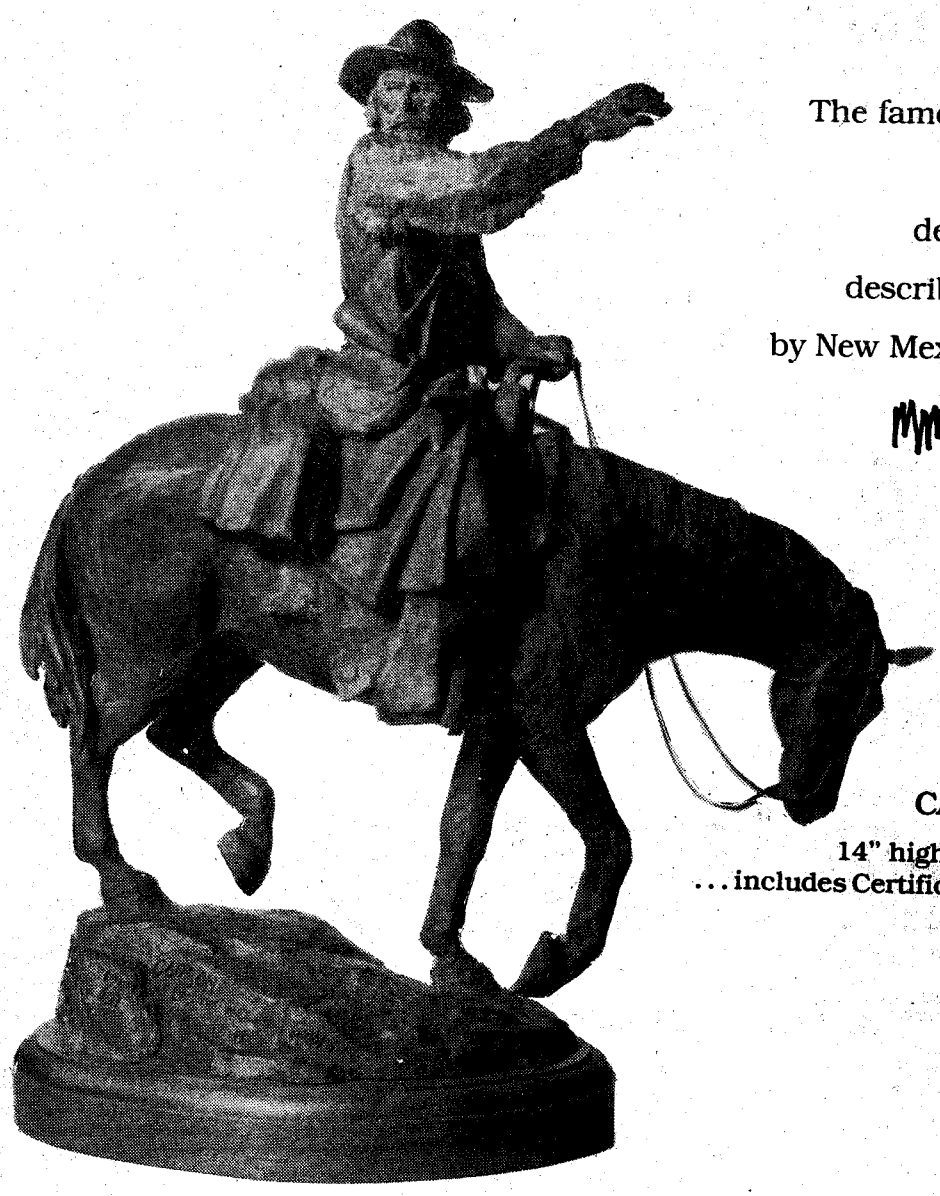

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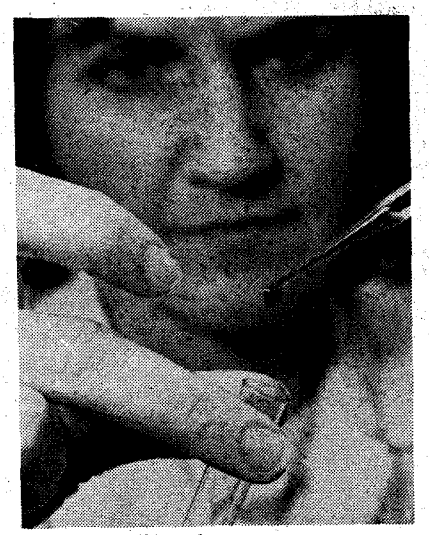

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John Selman, and Wes Hardin.

Martin Morose was gunned down at the Mexican Central Railroad Bridge on June 29, 1895, by a group that included Scarborough, Milton, Selman, Frank McMahon, and Wes Hardin. Only Scarborough, Milton, and McMahon were actually charged with the killing — and these three were later acquitted.

The merry widow, Helen Beulah Morose, moved in with John Wesley Hardin. The arrest of Hardin's mistress, on August 2, 1895, has routinely been given as the event that led directly to Hardin's murder seventeen days later; but this excuse is simply too pat and doesn't stack up against the facts.

In truth, Hardin seems to have been unconcerned over his mistress's arrest and, in fact, attempted to kill her only four days later during a drunken row. Luckily for Mrs. Morose, Hardin passed out before he could do any permanent damage. After his landlady swore out a complaint, Hardin was arrested and released on $100 bail.

The very day that Hardin paid his bail — August 7, 1895 — the El Paso *Times* hit the streets, containing Hardin's published comments that he "was not pleased with officer Scarborough and intimated that he would tell something about the killing of Morose."

Although obviously drunk when he made his statement to the *Times* reporter, the damage had been done. Now sober, Hardin made a last-ditch attempt at making amends by publishing a humiliating public apology in the *Times* of August 11, 1895, which stated that:

> "...while under the influence of liquor, I made a talk against George Scarborough, stating that I had hired George Scarborough to kill Martin Morose. I do not recollect making any such statement and if I did, the statement was absolutely false and superinduced by drink and frenzy."

For Hardin the apology was too little, too late; his fellow conspirators had already decided that he must go.

John Wesley Hardin was assassinated by John Selman on the night of August 19, 1895, while rolling dice for drinks in El Paso's

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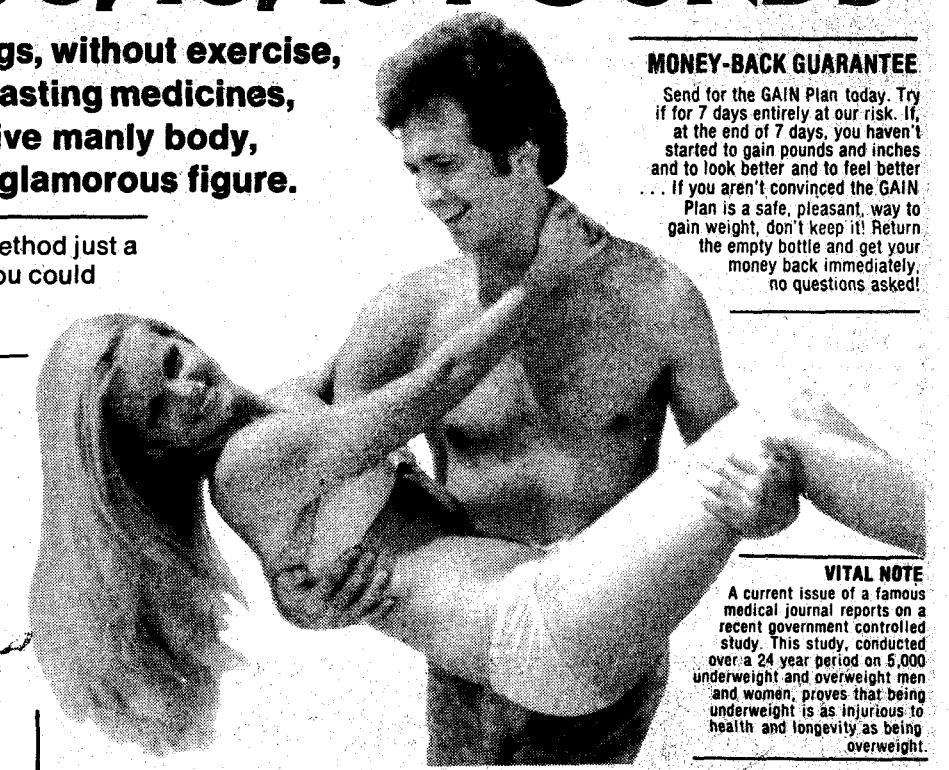

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Acme Saloon. Hardin had started to turn as Selman approached, and was shot over the left eye. He was *not* shot from behind, as is usually written — but since he had no warning, and absolutely no chance to defend himself, the effect was the same...

He was murdered.

John Wesley Hardin never did anything to justify a monument — but nearly seven decades passed before he was granted the humble one that nearly all of us expect; his grave at El Paso's Concordia Cemetery had remained unmarked until 1965! **RW**

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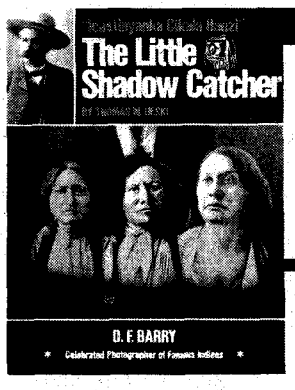

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INDIAN MISSIONS

continued from page 35

however, the buildings and church property remained in charge of the padres. An ecclesiastical college was opened at Santa Inez in 1844, but was abandoned about six years later. The Indians in this area belonged to the Chumashan linguistic family. Many of these natives were skilled workers in silver and carved leather.

The twentieth mission in this area was San Rafael Arcangel and established as an *asistancia* or branch of the San Francisco, or Dolores mission. There had been so many deaths at San Francisco that some of the natives had fled in panic. A transfer of a few of the Indians to the north side of the bay was proposed; however, there was no priest at this location. After several of these natives had died here, the mission of San Rafael Arcangel was founded and dedicated on December 14, 1817. Father Payeras was placed in charge of the mission. The natives' name for this new site was Nanaguami. An additional 230 Indians were sent from San Francisco to this new mission; many of them had originally been from the north side of the bay. An adobe building, 87 by 42 feet and divided into rooms for the chapel and dwelling rooms, was finished in 1818. By 1820 there were 500 converts, with the highest number being 1,140 in 1828. In 1823, San Rafael was declared a separate mission. The mission started to decline, and when the mission became secularized, the property was given to the Indians. However, in 1837 it was declared that the natives were not making good use of the land, and it was taken from them. By 1839 the Indians became dissatisfied because the promise of the land being redistributed had not been kept. In 1840 some distribution of livestock was ordered, and at that time there were 190 natives at the mission, with some 150 scattered nearby. In 1846 John Charles Fremont took possession of the mission. When he left, the mission remained unoccupied. The Indians of this area belonged to the Olamentke division of the Moquetumnan family.

The twenty-first and last mission to be founded in this area by the Franciscans was the mission of San Francisco Solano. Work was first planned for the mission on July 4, 1823, when the cross was planted on the land. However, work did not begin until August 25, after several people had arrived from the San Francisco mission. Some objection had been raised as to the transferring of natives from other missions, but the Indians were allowed to go to the new mission from San Francisco, San Rafael, and San Jose if they originally came from the Sonoma region. New converts could come from any region. A church was built and dedicated on April 4, 1824. The mission was later called Sonoma to avoid confusion with the original San Francisco mission. There were 663 converts by the end of 1824; of these, 322 arrived from the San Francisco mission, 153 from San Jose, 92 from San Rafael, plus 96 new converts. Although by 1830 some additional natives had been converted, only 375 remained at the mission, some having died and others had run away. In 1835 the Pueblo of Sonoma was organized. Early in 1836, the mission became secularized under the command of Mariane Guadalupe Vallejo. Movable property was given to the Indians, and they were free to go where they pleased. Because of trouble with hostile Indians, the Christian Indians asked Vallejo to take care of their stock, which he managed for the general welfare of all. Things went well under the care of Vallejo, and in 1840 there were still 100 ex-Christian Indians at Sonoma with some 500 others in the neighborhood. In 1845 Governor Pico tried to sell the mission, but Solano was declared to be without value, and the immediate grounds and buildings were declared possessions of the church. These were finally sold in 1880, and for a time the church was used as a barn. In 1903 the old buildings and grounds were purchased by William R. Hearst, then deeded to the state of California. The Indians of this area belonged to the Olamentke division of the Moquelumnan family. Many of the converts also came from other groups: the Copehan, Napato, Tamal, and Uluiate, to mention a few.

Later articles will tell about early missions in the Columbia and Alaskan regions. **RW**

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BETTER LATE

continued from page 29

Thanks to this incredibly good timing, Dr. Irwin lived many more years, rising to the position of Medical Director of the Department of Arizona. Since the Medal of Honor had not been created at the time all this took place, Dr. Irwin's superiors had not recommended him for the decoration. The doctor himself applied for and received the Medal in 1894, retiring as a Colonel the same year, and in 1904 he was promoted to Brigadier General.

The doctor's citation reads:

"For distinguished gallantry in action against hostile Chiricahua Apache Indians near Apache Pass Arizona 13 and 14 Feb. 1861. While serving as assistant surgeon, voluntarily taking command of troops and attacking and defeating a marauding party of hostile Apaches encountered en-route to the assistance of a body of troops engaged with Indians at Apache Pass, Arizona."

Even though the award was 33 years late in arriving, and the doctor had to apply for it himself, it is hard to imagine a more appropriate ending for the career of a distinguished old soldier.

RW

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EDITOR'S CORRAL

continued from page 54

was officer-like, and proper, I will leave yourself and others to judge.

"Whilst the fighting was going on an Indian came yelling into my room, perfectly drenched in blood. I was exceedingly anxious to get him out, as the balls were flying in every direction, and if he had been seen by the Dutch they would in all probability have sent a volley of balls into the room after him. By this time I had gotten a musket and not being able to stand and hold it up — I took a seat. I at one time concluded to shoot him, but the kindness of my heart prevented me. My boy, however, succeeded in ejecting him at last. This Indian and another one are now prisoners."

St. Joseph (Mo.) *Gazette*,
Jan. 7, 1848

THE FLORIDA WAR

The Florida War is likely to become a serious charge upon the Treasury. The few remaining Seminoles are resolutely determined not to be driven from their hunting grounds. They are enthusiastically attached to their swamps, and will leave in them their bones. The portion of the Peninsula assigned to them is remarkably well suited for Indian occupation, but utterly useless for whites. General Twiggs is in command of the military operations in Florida. He united with the authorities of Florida in recommending that a volunteer force should be called upon. It is well known that volunteers could cost, per man, ten times as much as the regulars, and be less effective. General Taylor declared, very promptly and decidedly, that he would send the whole army of the United States to Florida, before he would assent to call out volunteers. The General has shown, of late, that he is the President — every inch President — in military, civil, and foreign matters.

New York *Daily Tribune*,
Sept. 21, 1849

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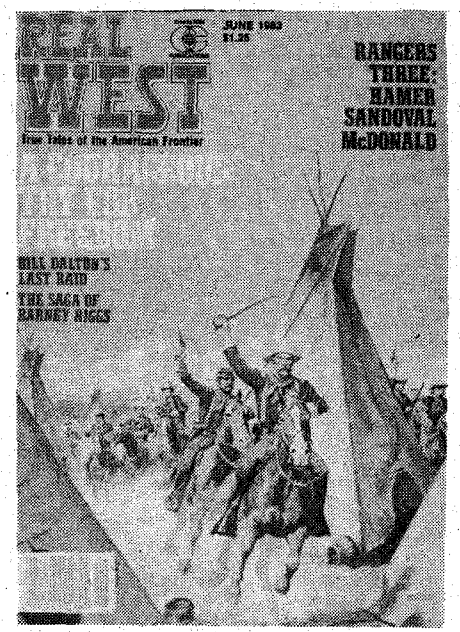
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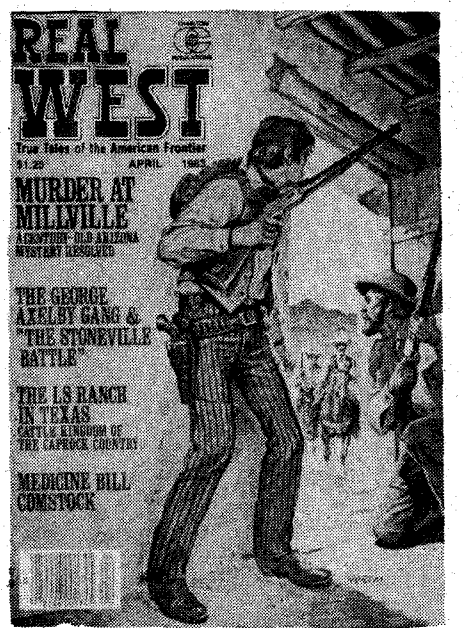
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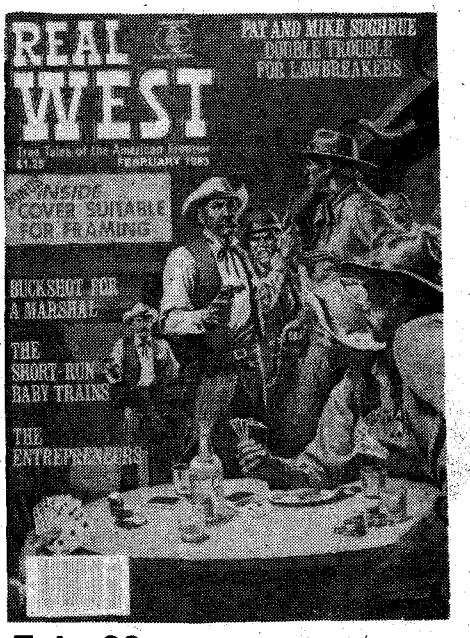
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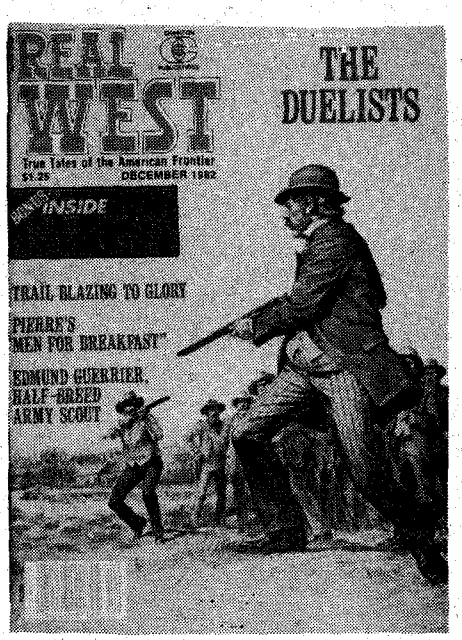

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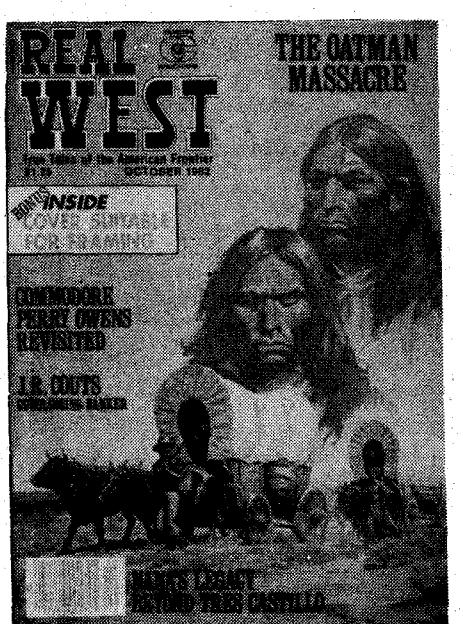

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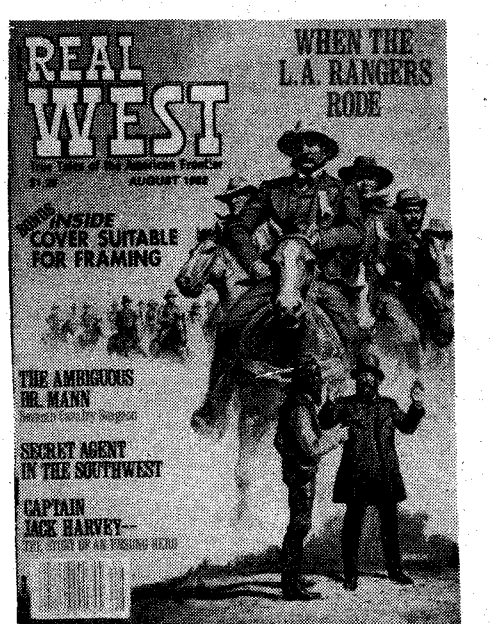
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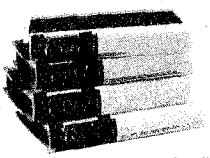

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